

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE LAST OF A FAMOUS BIRD

WHO KILLED THE LAST MOA?

MYSTERY OF A GIANT BIRD

Discovery of an Ancient Art Gallery in a Cave

THE MAORIS AND THEIR PICTURES

There are only 70 eggs of the extinct Great Auk in the world, and one of these has just come up for sale, exciting as much interest as a picture by Titian or Raphael. Yet in the same hour something still more thrilling was happening on the other side of the world.

It is only a matter of a savage, a cave, and a bird, but the story is as packed with interest as the find of dinosaur eggs in Mongolia.

It raises a problem which we had all thought to have been settled long ago. Who killed the last Moa? Tradition, on the lips of the New Zealanders, says that a Maori killed the last of these giant birds some 200 years ago, but scientific opinion is now wavering. It is possible that no Maori ever saw a live moa.

Eggs Ten Inches Long

The moa, which was of several species and many sizes, had its culminating glory in one variety which was entirely wingless, which had leg bones equalling those of the elephant in bulk, which was 14 feet high, and laid eggs ten inches long and seven inches wide.

Nothing remains of this bird wonder but its eggs, its skeleton, pieces of its skin, and in rare instances, its feathers. But about it clings abundant legend, including the commonly accepted story that the gallant Maoris, sailing the wide Pacific 500 years ago, found the land teeming with moas and hunted them all to death.

Now the Maoris had no writing, they could not record their history, but in their wonderful wood carving, they did make pictorial records of the living creatures they saw about them. They never carved the likeness of a moa, and modern opinion is that the last moa had been killed and eaten before the Maoris arrived in New Zealand.

Wonderful Rock Carvings

A most romantic find has just been made in a cave at Rotorua, in the North Island of New Zealand. It is a series of wonderful rock carvings showing a number of Maori canoes, but with fanciful additions such as no Maori canoe ever possessed. It is probably not Maori work.

What, then, does it mean? The work was perhaps that of a fugitive inland people hiding from the triumphant Maoris, and carving what they believed to be representations of the vessels in which the victors had arrived.

So far the new discoveries reveal no moa portrait, though hope is not abandoned; but present results place moas and Maoris still farther apart.

Peace Calls to the People



This fine war memorial, consecrated in the true spirit of peace, has been unveiled at Wallsend. It is the work of Mr. Newbury A. Trent, and represents the figure of Peace Calling to the Nations, who are ever menaced by the dark shadow of war. Wallsend is to be congratulated on striking this fine note, so necessary at a time when the nations are still piling up powerful armaments.

THE 100 YEARS OF JOHANN STRAUSS

KEEPING HIS MEMORY GREEN

Austria Celebrates a Great Man's Birthday

COMPOSER AND GENTLEMAN

By a Correspondent in Austria

Is it not a wonderful thing for a man to embody the music of a whole people, to draw to him all the soundless melodies that sleep in the hearts of his fellows and to give them back, exquisitely-shaped and perfected, so that they know them for their own and yet are captured by their newness?

This is what Johann Strauss did, the musician who was born in Austria a hundred years ago, when Beethoven and Schubert were still living. His centenary has just been celebrated by his countrymen with an enthusiasm which shows how green his memory is among them.

The Man and His Art

Johann Strauss the elder had also been a popular musician, who began his career by fiddling in his father's tap-room and ended by playing his own work at the Vienna Court Balls.

But, well-loved as he was, he never touched the popularity or the greatness of his son.

No musician ever expressed so well the charm, the humour, the warm humanity, the bubbling zest and gaiety of the Austrian people.

It was said of him that his music opened wide the gates of joy, and that there was wizardry in his fiddle, for he was not only a composer; he played himself, and often conducted, fiddle in hand, the orchestra performing his music.

Witty, amusing, full of fire and charm, Strauss the man was of a piece with his art. Modest, too, he thought of himself merely as a seller of catchy tunes.

Thoughtful of Others

"You make my things sound much better than they are," he once said to a famous pianist; "I could almost like them myself when I hear them played by you."

Yet Wagner and Brahms, his illustrious contemporaries, were as bewitched by his melodies as the rest of the world, and recognised him as the genius that he was. He was so thoughtful of others that he always used a harmonium when composing, thinking it less disturbing to his household; and once, when a tune came to him in the middle of the night, he wrote it out with a pencil in the dark, lest he should wake his wife.

He left a great number of notebooks behind him, filled with all his surplus ideas and inspirations. "Some day, when I can think of nothing new, I'll make use of them," he said to his wife, but the day never came. Though he lived to be 74, he had always something new to offer.

THE DOMINIONS AT THE POLL

THREE GENERAL ELECTIONS

Deadlock in Canada and Labour
Defeats in the Antipodes

WILD MEN BEATEN EVERYWHERE

Canada, New Zealand, and Australia have all been having General Elections, and are each beginning a new chapter in their Parliamentary history.

In both Australia and New Zealand the Labour attack on the existing Government has been heavily defeated, so that there is no change. In Canada, however, which was the first to poll, the position is much more complicated.

In Canada there is practically no Labour Party, and the fight was between the Liberals, who were in office, and the Conservatives, who tried to get them out, with a third Party, the Progressives, run by the Western farmers, trying to keep the balance between them.

Great Harm to Trade

Though the Progressives have lost heavily, and the Liberals more heavily still, so that the Conservatives are now much the largest party, the Progressives do still hold the balance, and the Liberal Government has decided not to resign till it has been shown in the new Parliament whether a majority of the Members want the Conservatives instead.

What led to the defeat of the Labour Party in the other two Dominions was the sailors' strike. This was primarily a strike of members of the Sailors and Firemen's Union of Great Britain, who happened to be in Australian or New Zealand ports when they heard that their leaders at home had agreed to a reduction in wages. They ought to have accepted what had been done, and made their protest when they got home, but they were encouraged by wild men to break away, and their strike did a great deal of harm to trade.

In New Zealand, which polled before Australia, the Labour Party has never yet been in office, but it had been steadily growing, and there is no saying what might have happened if people had not been thoroughly frightened by the strike. As it is the Conservatives are back in power with a big majority.

Labour and Communism

And so, too, in Australia, Mr. Bruce, the Nationalist Prime Minister, supported by the farmers, has an increased majority over Labour. The Australian Labour Party, like their colleagues in New Zealand, took no part in the strike; they claim, indeed, that they tried hard to settle it. But they opposed the steps taken by the Government to deal with the wild men who were encouraging it, considering its action to be contrary to the claims of liberty. This made them appear as supporters of the extremists in the eyes of the electors, and they suffered accordingly. That, no doubt, is hard on the Labour Party, but it will encourage it to fight the harder against the spread of Communism within its ranks. For it is clear from these elections that English-speaking electors will make no compromise with wild men who pin their faith to force.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Boethius	Bo-e-the-us
Gemini	Jem-e-ni
Josephus	Jo-se-fus
Orion	O-ri-on
Sarcophagus	Sar-kof-ah-gus
Strauss	Strowss

ROBERT SOUTHEY SEES A SAD EVENT

REPEATED AFTER 100 YEARS

Poet's Vision Comes True in
His Grandson's Life

A PAUPER'S FUNERAL

A hundred years ago good Robert Southey was writing the books and poems that very few people read today.

He was not a great man, but he did some useful things. He wrote the Life of Nelson. He wrote one of the best poems that ever showed up the nonsense of war, and in the days when hardly anybody in England cared about the little slaves in our factories his voice was raised against that infamy. So that the C.N. has a warm corner in its heart for Robert Southey.

Very sad it has been to read that his grandson has now died in the grip of poverty and pain. He had been getting a living as best he could, doing odd work at Swansea, but he had a pitiful disease, and he was taken into the infirmary at Swansea workhouse. From there not long ago he sent out a pathetic appeal for a few flowers to cheer him in his dying days, and we are glad to know that they came from gardens all over the country. Some of them were put on his grave.

Is it not pathetic to take down Southey's poems from the bookshelf and read again The Pauper's Funeral, which the poet wrote one day after seeing that sad sight? Here it is:

What! and not one to heave the pious sigh!
Not one whose sorrow-swoln and aching eye
For social scenes, for life's endearments fled,
Shall drop a tear and dwell upon the dead!
Poor wretched outcast! I will weep for thee,
And sorrow for forlorn humanity!

Yes, I will weep; but not that thou art come
To the stern sabbath of the silent tomb:
For squalid want, and the black scorpion
Care,

Heart-withering fiends, shall never enter there.

I sorrow for the ills thy life has known,
As through the world's long pilgrimage, alone,
Haunted by poverty and woe-begone,
Unloved, unfriended, thou didst journey on:
Thy youth in ignorance and labour past,
And thine old age all barrenness and blast!

Hard was thy fate, which, while it doomed to woe,
Denied thee wisdom to support the blow;
And robbed of all its energy thy mind,
Ere yet it cast thee on thy fellow-kind;

Abject of thought, the victim of distress,
To wander in the world's wide wilderness.
Poor outcast, sleep in peace! The wintry storm
Blows bleak no more on thine unsheltered form

It is, perhaps, a hundred years since these sad lines were written, and they might almost be inscribed on the poet's grandson's grave. Let us hope that at least that other line of Robert Southey has come true for his grandson, and that he has passed beyond "to find in Heaven the things he loved on Earth."

SUNBEAMS WANTED

Our good friend Mr. Wilson Carlile, of the Church Army, asks us to help him to get Sunbeams, and explains what they are. This is it.

Many poor and suffering children, known to the Church Army, have no friends who can show loving care towards them. If any boy or girl wishes to act as a Sunbeam to one such child, by posting regularly to it some monthly magazine that has been read, or by sending spare toys, or by making a little garment, or writing occasionally a friendly letter, the address of a child will be sent on inquiry at 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1, where Miss Walker is the busy secretary.

It seems a very right kind of work for any one of us to do.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY

SEA-KING'S DAUGHTER AND THE ISLAND RACE

First Fireside Memorial Service
in History

WHY WE LOVED QUEEN ALEXANDRA

The passing of Queen Alexandra has taken from us perhaps the most widely beloved woman in the world. A gracious figure in the life of two generations, she leaves a gap in the affections of the nation which nobody can fill.

For forty years she was our princess, for twenty years a queen; for sixty-three years in all there beat upon her life the dazzling light that falls on royalty, and it revealed no single thing to mar her fame or spoil her name.

Sixty-three years ago next spring Tennyson was welcoming the young bride from Denmark, greeting the Sea-King's daughter from over the sea in the name of the Island Race:

Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!

The beautiful Danish princess had not always an easy life at the English Court. It happened soon after her coming that Prussia was seeking to make herself



Queen Alexandra

strong at the expense of Denmark, and, though the nation's sympathies were all with Denmark, the sympathies of Queen Victoria were with Prussia, so that a biographer speaks of Queen Victoria being "constantly confronted by the white, anxious face of Alexandra."

The face of Alexandra was to become known and loved in every cottage home in Britain, and it is good that we remember it, not as white and anxious, but as smiling and radiantly happy. We think of her as a queen of charity, moving through streets thronged with cheering people. In the streets of the capital and of our great cities she was as much beloved as in the lanes round Sandringham where she would stop her pony-cart to give little children a ride.

An Angel of Mercy

Now that she has gone it is as if an angel of mercy had left us, and we feel that it is fitting that she should have been the first person in the history of the world for whom a vast memorial service was held throughout the land at the firesides of the people. The news that she had left the world was instantly made known by wireless, and there have been few more solemn events than that first memorial service broadcast by the B.B.C.

She lies among kings and queens, but she lives in the memory of the people she loved, and it will be a long, long day before those who knew her forget the Sea-King's daughter, worthy of the love of our Island Race.

THE STUDENTS BEAT THE GOVERNMENTS

Getting Rid of Cocaine

A BIG STEP WON

Two students at the chemical laboratories of Cambridge University have done what all the Governments of the world have failed to do. They have put a spoke in the wheel of the pernicious traffic in the drug cocaine by finding a substitute for it which surgeons and other authorised persons can use.

Cocaine ought to be a blessing. It was so for long after it had been first found, because it stilled pain, and in more than one form was of great value to the surgeon as well as the dentist in producing insensibility in small areas of the body.

Then someone discovered that it could be used as a stimulating drug, which became highly dangerous and demoralising when used recklessly. Its evil effects as a drug have now so multiplied that all over the world Governments and customs officials and police are striving to prevent its sale and use.

Cocaine's Successful Rival

The task is very very difficult because, though cocaine is so damaging to people who take it as they might take to drink, its preparation cannot be forbidden altogether because of its value in medicine. Chemists in Germany and England have striven to find substitutes which, while as useful as cocaine to doctors in producing local anaesthesia, should be useless to the drug-taker. Novocaine and stovaine are some of their names, but they have never been as good as cocaine.

Now the work of two Cambridge chemists has produced a new kind of substitutes, called barocaines, which work as well as cocaine. With these put in the doctor's hand, raw cocaine can be prohibited.

THINGS SAID

I walk never less than ten miles a day.

Sir William Orpen

Truthfulness is part of the ideal of English gentlemen.

Dean Inge

Give to young people sympathetic help and to old people helpful sympathy.

Sir Cuthbert Grundy

Modern war tries to sow both pestilence and famine; it is devilish.

Sir Oliver Lodge

Half the conflicts between nations arise out of some petty incident not worth the loss of a soldier's life.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain

The speeches of too many responsible leaders smack of the sword and the battle-axe.

Mr. Baldwin

Good manners cost nothing, and the world would be poorer without them.

Mrs. Baldwin

The peoples of the world are beginning to be led by the Spirit of Peace and Goodwill.

Archdeacon Conybeare

I frequently see children suffering grave injury to health because their parents have too much money to spend on clothing.

Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter

The House of Commons is trying to do the work of a world-wide Empire with the diligence of the 18th century instead of the express train of the twentieth.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor

I have almost come to the conclusion that it is a Christian duty not to complain about the rates.

Bishop of Chelmsford

I have been in many wars and can think of none that could not have been avoided, and of none (except the South African War) whose results did not do more harm than good.

General Sir Ian Hamilton

OUR RICHES THE WONDERFUL WORK OUR MUSEUMS DO Palaces of Treasure Becoming More and More Popular SOUTH KENSINGTON'S PICTURE GALLERY

There is a great deal of quiet work done in the world of which we know very little, work inside our museums and art galleries and public halls.

These buildings always seem (unless we know them very well) just the same, yet they are adding to their rich store month by month. All the objects laid out in cases are for our own enrichment, to make our thoughts deepen, to teach us something of the world we live in and its amazing past. We are apt to look on any one of them as "just the Museum"—a huge building where kind and polite officials walk about and tell us where to go, and see that we do not spoil anything.

Like Painters and Poets

But behind this impassive and official front there is a body of men who are longing for us to go continually to the museums, and to love them. They spend their best years unseen and unknown, making the exhibition rooms continually more rich, and they count our visits, and are proud and glad when the halls are crowded.

Every painter paints his pictures hoping someone will see and like them; every poet writes his songs that the world may read them. And our museums and galleries are like painters and poets, longing for the great world to stop and say, *How lovely your work is!*

Pictures We Can Take Home

One of the best pieces of news we have heard for some time is that the British Museum is becoming more and more of a friend to Londoners, and we are led to these reflections by the fact that the great swing doors are letting in a constantly growing number of people who go out richer than they go in. This is also true, we are glad to say, of the wonderful palace at South Kensington, which every child knows as the Natural History Museum. A marvellous place it is, as most of us know; but perhaps most of us do not know of the splendid gallery of pictures we can all take home with us from this place, or get through the post if we cannot go.

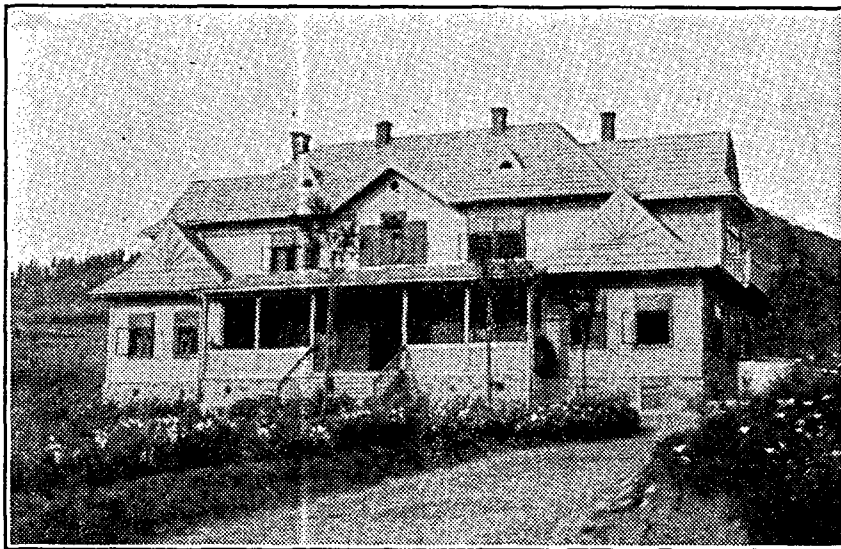
There are magnificent sets of post-cards to be bought at the Natural History Museum. There is no need to forget any friend we saw there, for we can see him "to the life" on a post-card. And, so that we should remember various important things about our friends and their families, the museum authorities have had slips printed to go with each packet of cards, giving precious information in a few sentences.

A Stand Against Stupidity

If we are seriously studying any form of animal life these cards, so splendidly reproduced, make a little handbook in themselves. They are five or ten in a packet, and with the printed leaflet cost sixpence or a shilling. For Christmas the Museum has prepared four coloured cards at sixpence each.

The vogue of postcards in shop-windows everywhere, of a horrible vulgarity and ugliness, has made many people turn away from this modern feature of picture reproduction, but the post-cards on sale at our galleries and museums are making a fine stand against the silly things in many shops, and people are finding out more and more what treasures may be bought for a penny or twopence. We advise all our readers to build up a South Kensington collection, and so set up a Picture Gallery of their own, worthy of any house.

THE SCHOOL THE GIRL GUIDES BUILT



The school built by Polish Guides for Guides of all lands



A Girl Guide mixing mortar



The gathering of the Guides for the opening day



An English Boy Scout lends a hand



Polish and English Guides at work

The Polish Foxlease, a Home for Guides of all countries on the lines of the English Foxlease in the New Forest, is finished, and Madame Malkowska, the Chief Guide for Poland, sees this great experiment at last in being. There is always a welcome here for two C.N. readers for a month's stay. See next column

ANYBODY'S SCHOOL A POLISH DREAM COME TRUE

Little Copy of Foxlease in
the New Forest

YOUNG POLAND LOOKING FORWARD

By a Friend of Poland

The Polish Girl Guide School is finished. The house is up and some of the rooms are already furnished by Guides of different countries. There are rooms for the counties of Warsaw, Lodz, Cracow, Poznan, and so on, and the guest room is furnished by the county of Oxfordshire.

All the summer one could hear the noise of hammers, saws, and planes worked by the busy Guides. You entered the house and there was a Guide from Latvia scrubbing a floor, another one from Czechoslovakia painting a stool, an English Guide varnishing window frames, and Polish Guides putting in the glass. They were all busy and all happy. In the evening they sat together round a camp-fire, and one could hear English Guides singing Polish songs and Polish Guides singing Innisfree in their best English.

School and Camp

White canvas tents were everywhere, peeping through the trees in the fields below the house, in the valleys and on the hills, like chickens surrounding the mother hen. Over 600 Guides were camping round Sromowce, the village where the school stands. Guides belonging to the working camp were housed in the school, and when many hands were wanted messengers were sent out to the camps. A moment later crowds of Guides came rushing to the school like a swarm of bees, and as in the twinkling of an eye the work was done.

The school is in one of the most out-of-the-way corners of the Polish south-western highlands. It is eighteen miles from the nearest railway station, by a bus or farm cart, yet people from distant places seem to have no difficulty in finding their way to Sromowce.

The Life-Savers

An English Guide called on her way from Rome, an English Commissioner got there on the way to Brussels, an American Scoutmaster found his way to the Guides' home while making a trip from Cairo to Heidelberg, and a Rumanian lady came to see what Polish Guiding looks like.

The house has already made its name in the whole vicinity. First-aid has been organised, and all through the summer scarcely a day passed without cases needing attention. Two lives have already been saved by the prompt help given to injured persons.

The Farm

A lending library has been started for grown-ups and children. The library is open every Sunday afternoon, and has already ninety readers among the farmers and their families. Dozens of peasant children call every Sunday to exchange books, and it makes one's heart glow to see them carrying the books wrapped up carefully in several handkerchiefs lest they get soiled. The C.N. and C.P. are always a great attraction to them. A little farmyard has been added to the school, with a stable, pig-sty, chicken-houses, and granary. A cow, two pigs, and a dozen chickens enjoy their life in this Guide Farm.

Madame Malkowska, the Chief Guide of Poland, to whose inspiration the whole scheme owes its existence, has received letters from all parts congratulating the school on its successful start, and its future is looked forward to as one of the hopes of the Polish race.

THE SUBMARINE Why Not Abolish It? WHAT OTHER COUNTRIES SAY TO US

The terrible disaster to the submarine *M 1*, showing that these war engines are only less dangerous to their owners than to enemies, has set people wondering what is to be done with them.

Mr. Percy Mackinnon, the Chairman of Lloyd's, the great insurance organisation which looks after the security of life at sea, has proposed on behalf of his colleagues that Britain should try to persuade the Naval Powers of the world to agree to scrap them all and to build no more.

Inhuman Warfare

Britain did try at the Washington Conference four years ago. Lord Balfour proposed the complete abolition of the submarine on the ground that it was "an inhuman agent of warfare, effective only in illegal attacks upon commerce." But the resolution was unanimously rejected! Then America tried to get the number limited, as was done in the case of battleships, but France wanted so many that that also was defeated.

Finally it was agreed that there should be a treaty forbidding the use of submarines against merchant ships, but four years after the Conference France and Italy have still failed to ratify the Treaty, and it remains a dead letter. Meanwhile lessons in how to sink merchantmen are still given in naval schools on the Continent.

Cheaper than Battleships

The difficulty with submarines is the same as with floating mines, that countries with small navies say they must have them to defend themselves against the big navies, as they are so much cheaper than battleships. They say to the countries with the big navies: "Abolish your big ships, and then you can ask us to abolish our little ones."

Britain says she must have big warships to defend her food ships, and that her Navy is for defence and not offence; and the others reply: "So are our submarines!" It is to be feared that we shall not get very far in persuading others to depend on international law for their safety till we are ready to do so ourselves!

We hope the submarine will be abolished, but we hope its abolition will be followed by the disappearance of all ships of war, and all land warfare, too.

TAPPING THE TYPEWRITER

A League of Nations Champion

Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war!

Mademoiselle Odette Piau, a French girl who types for the League of Nations at Geneva, has just struck her typewriter 4078 times in five minutes and has won the European championship for speed for the third year in succession.

If only the League of Nations could copy her speed in inscribing its messages of peace and goodwill on the minds of the peoples of the world!

The way in which this speed championship is conducted is interesting. The competitor chooses some sentence she can recollect, such as: "The worst and most dangerous way for a nation to be right is to imagine all other nations to be wrong," and then types this as many times over as she can in the five minutes. Mademoiselle Piau, if this had been her sentence, would have typed it rather more than 500 times in the five minutes. An English competitor, Miss Mitchell, tapped her machine 4060 times with only three mistakes, and took third prize.

VOTE OR PAY £2 A Queer Law at Work AN AUSTRALIAN EXPERIMENT

At the General Election just held in Australia a law came into force for the first time, compelling every citizen to use his vote or pay a fine of £2.

The law has been a great success, so far as getting the people to the poll is concerned, which is not surprising, considering the elaborate care the Government took to make sure that the electors knew the new law. The C.N. has received a letter posted in Sydney more than a month before the election on which this reminder is stamped with the postmark:

COMMONWEALTH ELECTIONS.
VOTING BY ELECTORS IS COMPULSORY.

But, though one man may take a horse to the water, ten men cannot make him drink. The ballot is secret, and a man who does not like any of the candidates can easily "spoil" his voting paper, and a man who objects strongly enough can always refuse even to go to the poll and pay the fine.

Many people question whether the vote of a man or woman who has to be compelled to use it is worth having. Democracy says we must be governed by the majority; but why should we be governed by people who have no opinions? The voter who does not care enough to go to the poll had much better stay away and leave the decision to those who do care.

A GREAT NOVELIST AND HIS SCHOOL

Where Samuel Richardson was Educated

It is strange that it should be unknown at this time of day where a man so celebrated as Samuel Richardson, the father of the English novel as we call him, went to school as a boy.

Now Merchant Taylor's School, in the city of London, is claiming him. There is a Samuel Richardson on the books of the school in 1701 and 1702, which is about the right date, as he was born in 1689, and his friend, Joseph Highmore, the painter, who did several portraits for him, was at school there.

What is stranger still, no one knows even where Samuel was born, except that it was in Derbyshire, and that there was a grammar school there to which he went till his father, a joiner, returned to his native London. It used to be claimed that he was at school at Christ's Hospital, but there seems no evidence for this. Wherever he went he did not learn very much there, for his biographer calls him "little-lettered." Yet it was he, a poor printer, who first put aside "the old mouthy romances about impossible people doing impossible things," and set about that picturing of the characters of his heroes and heroines which we expect from the modern novelist.

THE MAN WITH SO MANY CHILDREN That He Forgot One

Richard Carpenter, of Ararat, near Ballarat, is in much the same difficulty as the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe and had so many children that she didn't know what to do.

The earlier history of the Old Woman is unrelated, but some of Mr. Carpenter's embarrassments seem to have been due to a too affectionate disposition. He has been married four times, and has been left with nineteen daughters and nine sons. At the Ararat Police-court he was summoned for not sending one of them to school.

The Bench, apparently holding that with so many children he might have lost count of one, dismissed the case.

THANKS TO LOCARNO Allied Armies March South COLOGNE FREE AT LAST

The British Army has been in Cologne for seven years, and now it is leaving.

But not, alas, to come home. By the Peace Treaty the Rhineland is divided into three zones. In the northernmost, to which Cologne gives its name, the armies of the victors were to stay five years, in the middle zone ten years, and in the southern fifteen years.

The first five years were up last January, but Germany had not then completed the disarmament which was a condition of the Allies' moving out. It is because Germany has now convinced the Allies that she has carried out, or is carrying out, all the important demands they have made in this matter that they are doing what, if Germany had been more prompt, they would have done twelve months ago.

At the same time as the Allies leave the Cologne zone they are reducing the number of their troops in the remaining zones, and are going to hand back to the Germans the work of government that the soldiers have been doing hitherto.

The British headquarters will now be at Wiesbaden. There are still nine years to run of the Rhine occupation, though, of course, the Allies can shorten it if they think it wise.

A SAILOR'S ADVENTURES Remarkable Story of a War Man

It is queer to hear of a European living for five years as the servant of wild Indians in the backwoods of Brazil; yet that is what a man belonging to the German Navy has apparently been doing.

His work in the early days of the war was on a ship which carried into Brazilian ports the crews of ships captured and destroyed by the German cruiser *Karlsruhe* in South American waters. But one day Brazil declared war on Germany, seized the ship, and captured its crew in the harbour of Belem. This particular sailor, however, dived overboard and escaped into the interior.

For months he wandered about, living on fruit and nuts, and sleeping in trees to be safe from wild animals. Then he fell in with a band of Indians, and worked for them in return for his keep for five years. All the time he was without a stitch of clothing. At last he got away and managed to get back to Germany, and now the court at Schwerin has granted him a pension for his war hardships. He seems to have earned it!

THE PRICE OF BREAD Food Council's New Step

How can the price of bread be fixed if the price of flour is always changing?

The Food Council has been trying to say how much bakers should charge for their bread; and as soon as it has done so the price of flour has changed and upset all its calculations.

So now the Council has issued a sort of sliding scale, showing how much bread prices should go up or down with each change of flour prices. When the price of a sack of 280 lb. of standard flour is over 32s. and not over 36s. the quartern loaf, it says, should not exceed 8d. When flour is 36s. to 40s. the loaf may be 8½d., and so on.

That seems a simple rule and should work all right. The bakers say it does not leave them a reasonable profit, but the Council is calling on the bakers to submit. It remains to be seen whether public opinion, thus guided by the Commission, will be strong enough to get its way. If not, the Council will ask Parliament to settle the matter by law.

MATTER AND ITS PRODIGAL SONS Now There Are Four ANOTHER MISSING ELEMENT FOUND

A new element has been found, to take its proper place among those which begin with hydrogen and end with uranium.

There are 88 of these elements known, though the strange names of some of them, Yttrium, Dysprosium, Lutecium, are seldom heard. But the joy over these is nothing compared with the joy of discovering one of the missing ones, of which there were till lately five. Now there are four. The Prodigal element which has returned to the fold of the ninety-and-two is to be called Bohemium.

One of the more curious things about this new-found element is that about a year ago it was wrongly said to have been discovered in Berlin. A mistake was made.

When it comes to proving that a new-found element is really the one that is wanted there is a test which is more searching than any chemical examination. Every element has what might be called its finger-print, actually the exact kind of light it gives when it is made white-hot. This light can be spread out. Lines like finger-print lines (though they are called spectrum lines) will appear on the outspread hand. They are its identification mark, because no other element's light will put them in the same place.

The element now found has the right lines. It is very heavy. There is very little of it in the world, and it may turn out to be, like osmium or iridium, good for filaments and fountain-pens.

THE FISH THAT SAVED THE SHIP

Stopped a Hole in a Sinking Whaler

It was a very obliging fish that dashed into a hole in a sinking whaleboat, and so enabled the crew to reach land in safety. It appears, however, that it did it by accident; indeed, it struggled hard to get out while the sailors were desperately working the pumps.

But happily it stayed in just long enough to save the ship.

The ship belonged to Norwegians working from Durban in South Africa, who had had a most successful season, capturing 600 whales. The crew of the ship had harpooned a very big whale, and got it alongside, when the rough waters drove it against the ship and made a big hole. It was only a big fish that saved the ship from sinking with all on board.

The fishermen, 59 of them, were landed at Southampton the other day from the *Walmer Castle*, on their way home to Norway.

THE UNTOUCHABLES Mr. Gandhi as the Good Samaritan

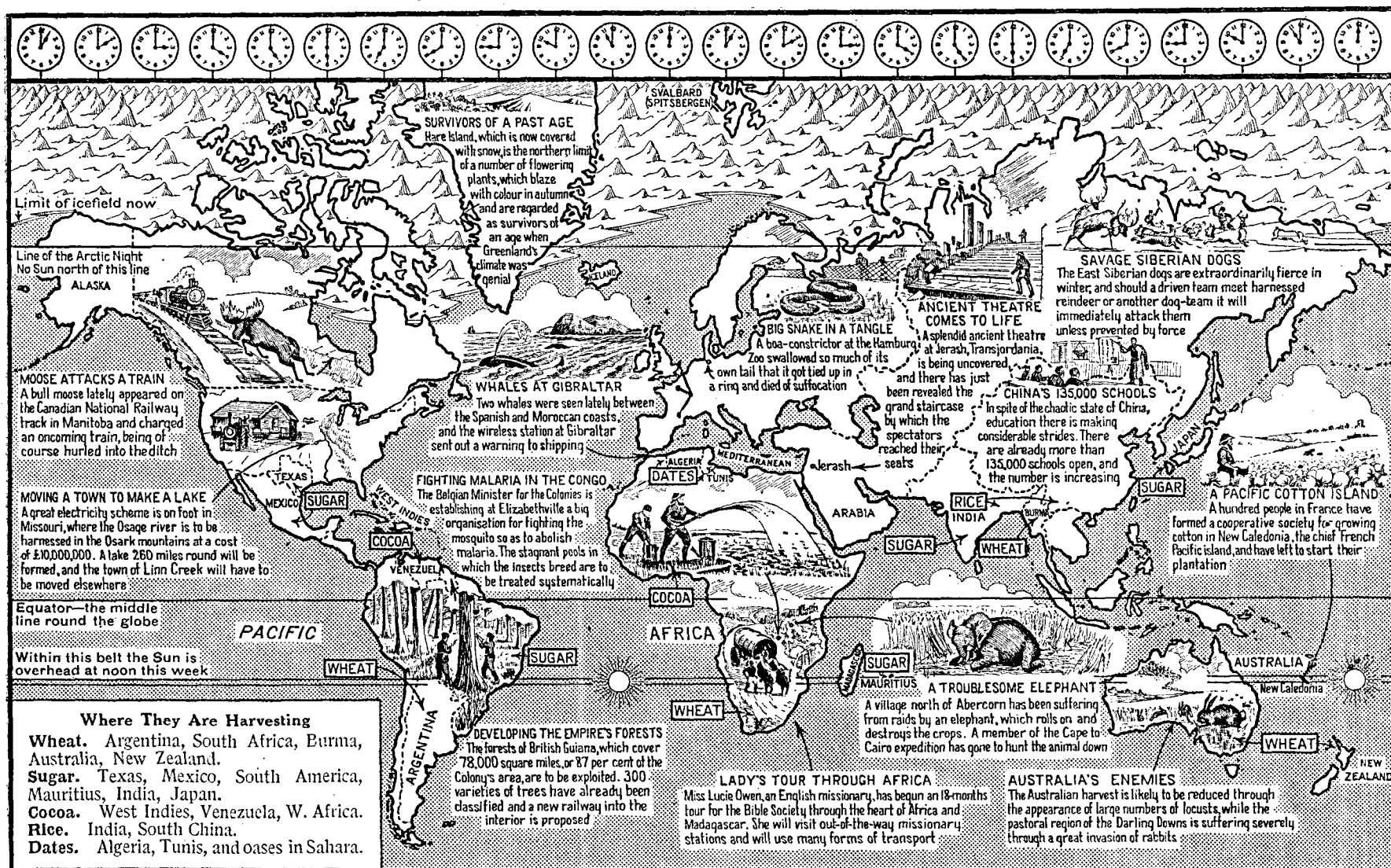
Mr. Gandhi has been giving India a lesson in the ways of the Good Samaritan, a practical example of how to treat the poor Untouchables.

A meeting had been called to hear him speak on the subject, to which both Orthodox Hindus and Untouchables had been invited. When he arrived he found that the Untouchables had been put in a corner by themselves. This, he said, was an insult to them, and he asked the others to allow them to sit with themselves or to allow him to go and sit with the Untouchables.

As the majority voted against letting the Untouchables join them, Mr. Gandhi had his table moved to the Untouchables, and addressed the meeting from there.

So now the high-caste Hindus know that Mr. Gandhi really means what he says when he says they should treat the Untouchables as their brothers.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR MAKES A MISTAKE Eating its Tail ODD EVENT AT A ZOO

Visitors to the Hamburg Zoo Gardens will see no more one of the finest boa-constrictors in the snakes' den. He has died of private cannibalism.

Something possessed him, not being allowed to eat his keeper who had just gone home for the night, to start eating his own tail. The end went in very nicely, and he was so absorbed in the act of swallowing a body that he omitted to notice that it was his own.

He went on swallowing and swallowing until he began to feel a little uncomfortable in his breathing. Then he saw that, instead of being a long line that could wriggle, he was a big thick ring. He said to himself *As you were!* but nothing happened. He shook himself hard and looked to see if his tail and half his body were in their proper place again outside; but they were not. They had gone on a long journey by tube.

The really sad story is that, try as he might, he could not coax his tail to come back the way it had gone, and the more he tried the less breath he had. Presently he had no breath at all, and he shed a tear and died.

The moral to this awful tale is, if you bite your finger-nail And be a little cannibal, The day will come When first your thumb, And then your finger Will not linger, But go quite Out of sight Round the bend And be your end. And you will make a dreadful picture Like the Hamburg boa-constructor.

A TALE OF A TRAIN Angry Lady and Her Umbrella

We must congratulate the Southern Railway on bringing out an amusing little book which shows that there are sometimes reasons beyond its control for a train's delay.

Of all the strange stories this little book relates, the strangest is that of an old lady whose umbrella was blown inside out one windy day while she was waiting on the platform.

In her annoyance, she flung the wreckage on to the line, where the metal framework came into contact with a live rail. This caused a short circuit, as a result of which all the trains in the neighbourhood were delayed ten minutes.

MY MAGAZINE PAINTING CONTEST Winner of the £100

Some excellent examples of colouring were sent in by readers who entered for the Editor's recent painting contest in connection with My Magazine, and among the thousands of papers received a very large proportion attained an exceptionally high standard of merit.

The first prize of £100 has been awarded to

K. H. CHESTER, (aged 16),
69, Tenby Road,
Moseley, Birmingham.

The second prize of £10 to Bernard Turner, aged 17, 8, Fernbank Mansions, 21, Fernbank Road, Redland, Bristol; and the third prize of £5 to Brenda Morris, aged 17, Brackendeve, Binley Road, Coventry.

To all these skilful young artists the Editor offers his congratulations.

The names of the 50 competitors to whom the prizes of £1 each have been awarded will be given next week.

AN ANIMAL'S LOCARNO No War Over 800 Square Miles PEACE IN THE JUNGLE

"No killing or hunting here," says Albert, King of the Belgians, pointing on the map to the Kivu district of the Belgian Congo. "Here is sanctuary."

This good news means that in an area of about 800 square miles animals will be at peace, and the East African gorillas, who have been so bitterly hunted down, will be able to live happily and forget the horror of guns and traps. The wild animal sanctuary is to be called the Albert National Park.

Not only gorillas are to be at home there, but all wild animals and birds are to be left unmolested within the boundaries of this gigantic enclosure. No trees are to be damaged, no birds' eggs collected. The jungle is to be left in peace.

The C.N. has so often had reason to deplore the hunting down of untamed creatures, the spoiling of lovely scenes, and the war waged on birds, that it greets this good news with joy. Wild animals have their own wireless; the news will be quickly passed on, and soon there will be full life and happiness in this great area of peace in the Belgian Congo.

King Albert is not forgetting the interests of science in laying down his strict law of sanctuary. There is to be built in the Park a biological laboratory free to scientists all over the world, where men can go and study the Earth and her children.

America, too, is taking her share in the peace crusade. Great tracts in that vast continent are being set aside for sanctuary for wild fowl, for fur and game animals. Land to the value of £300,000 is to be bought along the upper reaches of the Mississippi for this purpose.

Very good news indeed, says the C.N. It is like an Animal's Locarno.

1000 BEAUTIFUL THINGS A Collection C.N. Readers Will Love LIFE AT ITS SWEETEST AND RAREST AND BEST

ONE THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL THINGS. Chosen from the life and literature of the world by the Editor of the C. N. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.).

All who love the C.N. and its companion papers will wish to have this book, a collection of lovely things, poems and pictures, words and deeds, that Arthur Mee hopes to remember as long as his life lasts.

If we can imagine the best that is in the C.N. put into a book we can imagine the atmosphere in this volume. We have only to glance at its wonderful list of contents to feel that we are living for an hour through all the ages in contact with the best minds and the kindest people.

We have that proud boast of the poor blind Galileo, that of all the sons of Heaven none had seen so much as he. We have Chaucer's lovely farewell to his book, Sir Walter Scott's grief on the death of his dog, the pathetic last letter of Lady Jane Grey, Sir J. M. Barrie's wonderful story of the youth who did not grow old, the longing of the dying Keats that he might see the flowers of spring again, the vision of Sir Robert Peel looking down the years, the poignant grief of Lord Palmerston trying to believe that his life was not over: we have a thousand things like these, showing life at its sweetest and rarest and best.

There are over a hundred pictures in photogravure, a delight to the eye and an inspiration to the mind, and every page of the book has been chosen to please those who love this paper.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 5 1925

The Thing That Will Save Us All

MR. SELFRIDGE, who has shown us how to run a shop, has been telling us how to run ourselves, and we think what he says is worth remembering.

He was talking to business men and journalists at a luncheon in Sheffield, and this is what he said:

I am impressed very strongly with man's duty to the State in return for the wonderful privilege he has of living in and breathing the atmosphere of a splendid old civilisation. That civilisation has been formed by men of character, of strength and ability, and of the highest possible integrity during hundreds of years.

I think too many people are inclined to take these privileges as a matter of course. They assume that it is due to them, and that they do not owe anything in return.

In certain ways the liberty of the system of government in England is greater than that in any other place in the world, and, being able as almost an outsider to recognise these privileges, I feel that each member of the community owes something in return.

Our very successful American cousin went on to urge young men to help England by helping themselves. The breed was hard to beat, he told them, but it would degenerate unless they revived those old British virtues, energy, judgment, and imagination. In these days of trade depression and heavy taxation laziness was a crime. To him work was an immense joy, and Monday the most delightful day in the week. The fun of a race lay in the running of it, not in the prize at the end.

Work! (he cried). Good gracious! What are we here for? If we all had courage, if every nation had courage, if every municipality had courage to sit down and carefully think out what we are here for there would be much less drifting, and much more straight steering for port.

Thus an American and many an Englishman would echo his words. But it strikes us that much of the new laziness they complain about may come from the use of a stupid label. It has been customary to talk of the Working Class. It is a stupid phrase, for workers are not a class. Yet this phrase is never used except for those who work with their hands. It sweeps aside all the hard work done by scientists, statesmen, artists, and inventors. It makes people think that the world is divided into halves, one half condemned to work in order that the other half may be idle.

Yet there are very few people who do not belong to the honourable host of the Working Class, and we thank Mr. Selfridge for reminding us that work is the finest tonic in the world. It will save this country yet, and it is the only thing that will.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Tired Two Hundred

WE were talking of singing, the other day, and we remember that it was with the sound of music that hope first came to Lucknow in the Mutiny; a little girl's face lit up as she cried that she could hear the pipes, and soon the Highlanders were playing Auld Lang Syne inside the gates.

And who has forgotten the story of Mons, and the major looking out for stragglers in the great retreat? He found two hundred of them beaten to exhaustion, lying in a public square. Nothing could make them move, until the major had a bright idea. He went into a little shop and bought a whistle and a drum. He gave the whistle to the sergeant and took the drum himself, and they marched round the square to a tune. The tired men began to move, and soon *The British Grenadiers* had raised the whole two hundred to their feet again.

Royalties

By a Correspondent

THE arrival of a stranger in our quiet village in the Jura mountains was always an event, and at sundown one evening an unknown priest, pacing the village street, attracted attention.

He was reading as he went along, and as he approached the children playing by the way, he returned their shy greeting by gravely sweeping off his hat to them—"Just as if they were kings and queens"—I remarked to a friend afterwards.

She looked up with a smile and said: *They were kings and queens to him.*

Filling the House

"Light, more light!" cried Goethe as he died sitting in his chair. We remember it as we read this old story once again.

A SOUTH Indian story tells how a rich man with two sons desired to leave ten thousand silver coins to the wiser of the two boys. So he called them to his bedside and gave each of them five coins, saying: "I will bestow my property upon him who by laying out this sum fills the house."

How to fill the house with the help of five coins was the difficult problem. One son bought a load of straw, and stuffed it into the rooms, from floor to ceiling, as far as the quantity allowed; but all the straw was used before the chambers were filled. The other son bought a wax candle for every room, and, lighting them all, filled the house with light.

A Prayer for Goodwill

O Lord, the Author and Persuader of peace, love, and goodwill, soften our hearts that we may wish well to one another, and may be true disciples. And give us grace to begin to show forth that heavenly life wherein there is no hatred, but peace and love one towards another.

The Better Way

A GOOD educator has been pointing out that we can only learn how to do things by doing them.

It is true. Everything was done for the first time by somebody who had no teachers; and too much teaching, like too much nursing, may hinder rather than help. It is good that one who knows should show us the way, but only by taking the road ourselves can we hope to arrive.

Tip-Cat

ONE of the worst things that can happen to a man is to get rich at forty. Another is not to.

OUTDOOR tomatoes have done well this year. They have now gone inside.

A MAN in Indiana has paid 500 dollars for a bee. But many travellers

would have paid much more for a certain mosquito.

WOMEN'S shoes are getting larger. Keeping pace with the growth of their understanding.

A BRIGHT reader suggests that we should lend France money to pay us what she owes us.

A BAKER thinks the Food Council ignorant of many things about bread. It does not even know the language of flours.

THE favourite hobby of a popular author is paper-hanging. That is why he is always going to the wall.

FRUITARIANS are said to be cheery people. Yet they don't get all the plums.

A MAN claims to have carried the same umbrella 665,000 miles. Probably the longest reign on record.

The Only Way

MR. ST. LOE STRACHEY tells us a remarkable little tale in the new book in which he has set down many fine memories. Here it is:

In order to stop a vendetta which had got beyond tolerance, a whole family were slaughtered. When they came to the baby in arms, who was very rickety, one of the women of the killing tribe called out, "Leave that child alone. Don't you see that God has doomed him? You must not forestall God."

So the baby was saved and grew up a strong man.

When he was twenty someone told him his story, the vendetta passion fell on him, and he took to the hills to avenge his own people. So the old feud began again.

Is it not strange and terrible, this vendetta passion that falls on men and nations? One thing only can cure it: it is the statesmanship of Galilee—*Love one another.*

Give Me The Kitchen

By Our Country Girl

THE pleasantest room in the house is not always the same one. First thing in the morning, of course, it is your own bedroom. Last thing at night, especially a winter night, it is the kitchen.

When work is done, and all things set to rights, when armchairs are drawn to the fire, and needlework taken out, when a ruddy glow falls on aluminium and copper, and when a kettle boils for just one more cup from the jolly brown teapot, then I would rather be welcomed to the kitchen than invited to Buckingham Palace.

Never have I taken my sewing to the kitchen and planted myself between the snowy aprons basking in the firelight, without hearing some interesting story or good joke. Last night I heard of a queer true case of thought-reading.

A Dream Message

A certain woman had a son and husband who both worked at a foundry, but the boy was on the day shift and his father on the night shift. One night the woman dreamed that her son was brought home on a stretcher. Waking, she heard a noise in the street and saw the flare of lanterns through the blind. Her husband was being brought home just as her son was brought in the dream. Scientists would tell us, I suppose, that some message from her husband's mind reached the woman's sub-conscious self, and that the brain mis-translated part of it.

The study may be a good place to work in, and the drawing-room a good place for enduring callers-in, but for anecdote, comfort, and friendliness give me the kitchen. Small wonder then, that when the door half opens and a voice says, "There's a nice cup of tea in the kitchen," I put down my pen quickly, and follow Abigail to her kingdom—as I do now.

Let Us Go A-Hunting

Thank God we know a manlier sport than hunting poor dumb creatures.

The C.N.

COME, neighbours, a-hunting, a-hunting we'll go,
With never a care for the frost or the snow,
The fox and the hare we will let them go free,
There's other good hunting for you and for me.

O bridle Good-Nature, the trusty and tried,
You'll never find horse that is better to ride;
And bring out the hounds that are pleasant to hear,
Wit, Wisdom, and Laughter as fleet as a deer.

The beast that we hunt is a dreary, sad yawn,
To kill him a man must be stirring by dawn;
He'll take to your heart as a fox to an earth,
So, worry him, Diligence, Music, and Mirth!

J. B.

The heart has reasons that Reason does not know of.

PASCAL

THE MAN OF THE OCEAN BED

HOW HE DOES IT

The Way the Latest German Wonder Works

A MECHANICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE

If anything could have lightened the sorrow and tragedy of the loss of the submarine M 1, which was rammed by a Swedish ship, it would have been the quick sympathy with which German divers came from Kiel to lend themselves and their wonderful deep-diving apparatus for the search.

The attempt to find the submarine in time to save the lives of its crew was from the first a forlorn hope, and the rough weather in the Channel made it quite impossible. There is no record of the rescue of the lives of the crew of any submarine which has once sunk and has been unable to come again to the surface of the water.

A One-Man Submarine

Unhappily, the invention of weapons of destruction has outstripped those of salvage, but the deep-diving apparatus made by the firm of Neufeldt and Kuhnke, at Kiel, and sent over to England with their divers, has some likeness to a submarine in construction, though it is made to fit a man like an ordinary diving suit.

It is a suit of armour, with arms and legs attached to it like the jointed claws of a lobster. But no armoured knight ever rode to battle in such a suit as this. It is shaped something like a big flat-topped pillar-box, and is built in two parts, which can be screwed together. This tower or pillar-box can resist pressures of 375 pounds to the square inch, which is what the pressure of the water would be at a depth of 750 feet. It is made of toughened steel. Its surface is pierced by windows covered with thick plate-glass, also designed to resist heavy pressures, through which the man inside peers at the watery world around him.

Devices for Security

Electric lights inside the windows guide him, and he can see some yards in front. There are mirrors so that he can be certain that the armour is rightly adjusted, and within his cell are all sorts of contrivances for adjusting the movements of this One-Man Submarine which he controls. As in a submarine, he takes his own supply of air and oxygen with him. He wears a mask over his face to enable him to breathe his air-supply (which is sufficient to last three or four hours), and to expel the carbon-dioxide which he breathes from his lungs. This poisonous gas is carried over chemicals, which absorb it.

The air-pressure on the man remains always the same, and cannot be increased as he descends. The steel cable which lowers him contains telephone wires by which he can communicate with those on the surface. The cable can be detached by him in case of accidents, such as fouling by an obstacle, and he can then come to the surface without it.

Mechanical Hands

Ascent is accomplished by the employment of compressed-air tanks which he takes down with him, and which, though attached outside what we have called the pillar-box, can be worked from within. When the diver wants to rise, he can blow out the water in these tanks; in spite of the heavy pressure around him, by letting compressed air flow into them. His submarine-box then

A MOTHER'S WAY TO THE SILENT LAND

MR. KNUD RASMUSSEN has been telling some stories about the people among whom he moved during his Danish Expedition, which ended last year.

Strange things he tells, which make us realise that the world is a very wide place, and only touched here and there by spots of civilisation.

It was among the Eskimos of the North-West Passage that Mr. Rasmussen had his most moving experiences. There he found tribes so isolated that they had not received the faintest echo of the Great War, people in whose lives heathendom and a spirit of noble self-sacrifice worked side by side.

It was a land, the explorer found, where little girls are not wanted, except just a few, and often enough were killed at birth or allowed to die while they were babies.

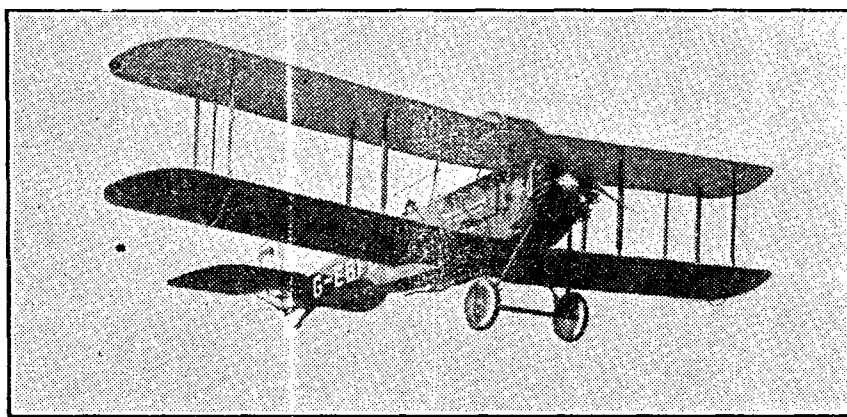
There was one Eskimo mother who had several little girls during the course of her married life, and, by the bitter

laws of her land, allowed them to die. Underneath her stoical behaviour the mother's heart throbbed just the same, and no one knows what she went through as she saw her little girls pass away.

As a result she poured out on her son all the secret, pent-up love she would have given to many children. Here was something it was not considered a disgrace to own and cherish. The son grew up and became a man, watched and tended by the mother.

One day, in midwinter, he fell ill and died, and this mother, who had allowed seven little girls to die, could not exist without her son. Her heart broke. She said nothing to anyone, but one day went quietly out to a frozen lake, carrying an ice axe. She went out a little way on the ice, cut a hole big enough to take her body, and crawled in. The current drew her under. So a poor Eskimo mother followed her children to the Silent Land.

THE GREAT FLIGHT ACROSS AFRICA



The De Havilland machine which is flying from London to Cape Town



Mr. Alan Cobham, the pilot, on the left, Mr. A. B. Elliott, the mechanic, and Mr. Basil Emmott, the cinematographer

Three British airmen are making a great attempt to fly from London to Cape Town to survey the route and see if a regular air service between the two empire capitals is practicable. It is likely to be a great adventure.

rises as a balloon rises through the water. Many other contrivances are worked by him from inside, including the manipulation of the jointed arms joined to the main body. These arms are made of toughened aluminium. Their mechanical hands can be made to grasp a rivet or adjust a bolt under water. The legs present fewer difficulties. They are merely very heavily weighted, so that the diver has freedom to move. Like the arms, the legs are jointed so as to allow some freedom of movement. Both arms and legs are coupled with the main body by ball-bearing joints, and this astonishing man in his iron cage can walk about the ocean bed.

It is remarkable to think (who would have thought it possible ten years ago?) that the first sea test of this mechanical triumph of our age has been to try to raise a British submarine.

BLACKPOOL'S GREAT WALL

Keeping Back the Sea

The sea is making inroads on Blackpool, and the local authorities have taken unusual and picturesque measures for defence.

They are building not only a massive sea-wall a mile long, but a wall of concrete to support it, and when the work is completed, the rocks will have the appearance of a white chalk cliff, ornamented with shrubs and plants.

The cliff will begin at the site of an old inn used by smugglers in the days of long ago. It will be costly, but experience shows that it is false economy to under-estimate the power of the waves. One day there comes a storm, and next morning a proud wall may be nothing but a heap of tumbled masonry.

THE POOR BOY KING

TUTANKHAMEN SEEN AT LAST

Marks of Suffering on the Face of Pharaoh

A MASS OF TREASURE

Stories come rolling in from Egypt about Tutankhamen's tomb, where the innermost of three gold coffins inside the sarcophagus has been opened, and the mummy reverently taken out. We are told of splendour upon splendour, gold and jewels, and a Royal Book of the Dead most beautifully illuminated, all hidden in the coffins.

Then we learn that this glory of riches and a nation's genius in art were piled about the body of a boy of about sixteen who seems to have died an unhappy death.

It is one of the most dramatic tales of ancient days that has ever been told. A great mystery surrounds the death of this boy king who was laid to rest amid scenes of incredible beauty and pomp in the year 1348 B.C.

The Guide Book for the Dead

When the sarcophagus was opened, a magnificent golden coffin was seen; shaped in the form of Osiris, the Egyptian god. Inside this was another richly carved coffin. Then an innermost case of solid gold was revealed, which is said to be the greatest example of Egyptian handicraft ever found.

The first great treasure discovered in one of the golden coffins was the Royal Book of the Dead, a roll of papyrus a hundred feet long, placed there to guide the dead Pharaoh on his journeys in the Other World. Its drawings and paintings are the work of exquisite genius. It contains hundreds of illuminated portraits of Egyptian kings and gods. If nothing else had been found in this tomb the discovery of this papyrus would have made it famous for ever. Archaeologists and experts probably have years of work before them in deciphering this amazing manuscript.

A Body Swathed in Gold

Presently the inner coffin was opened, and it was discovered that the body was literally swathed in gold, the crown jewels of Egypt stitched into the shroud. A sword of chased gold lay on either side the body, a gold belt with daggers beautifully wrought was fastened round the waist. On the arms were eleven magnificent bracelets and by the hands were thirteen massive finger rings.

As the wrappings were carefully taken away it was found that upon the head of the boy king there rested a golden diadem.

In the midst of all this regal splendour lay the embalmed form of a sixteen-year-old boy. On the face are marks of suffering. Some experts believe that he died of tuberculosis; others think he was murdered by the king who usurped the crown.

Lest these amazing treasures of an ancient race should be looted, an armed guard watched the tomb night and day.

WINTER STORMS

Where They are Common and Where They are Rare

Mr. Morris Bower, of Huddersfield, has been investigating thunderstorms in winter.

Most of us may think there are no thunderstorms in winter, and in some parts of England they are very rare. But in the first three months of 1925 in England and Wales there was thunder and lightning on 46 days out of the 90.

The stormiest part was the south coast, with the counties nearest it, but in a large part of Wales, and a large part of the North, and in "a belt stretching from East Yorkshire to South-east Wiltshire," no thunderstorms were reported at all.

UPS AND DOWNS OF A FAMOUS BOOK

A MEMORY OF CAXTON
The Treasure that was Hidden
in the War

VOLUME 450 YEARS OLD

In the Castle Museum of Colchester there is again on view a book which has caused much heart-burning and anxiety. For several years it was thought to be lost; but the other day it was found wrapped up in brown paper in a cellar at Birch Hall, near Colchester.

The volume is a very famous one, a copy in almost perfect condition of the *Consolations of Philosophy*, by Boethius, translated by Caxton, and is one of the early books printed by him at Westminster about 1478.

Ever since 1752 (and perhaps before that) this volume has been one of the treasures of Colchester Castle Library. Its temporary hiding in a cellar was due to the war.

An Anxious Search

When air raids began to be a menace to our lovely things the master of Birch Hall, who was then Mr. James Round, took the Caxton book from the Castle Library and stowed it away, with some other precious objects, in the safest place he could find. He died in 1916. His brother, who knew of the hiding-place, also died during the war.

There came then a break in the history of Birch Hall, and in the changes that followed it happened that no very close search of the cellars was made. For that matter, no one knew of the hiding of the book, its secret having died with the two brothers, who did all they could to keep intact one of England's treasures.

The Joy of Discovery

We can imagine the joy in the Colchester Castle Library when the news came of the finding of the brown-paper parcel, which had protected the book very well. It is bound in stamped brown leather stretched over boards, and there is a bit of the clasp left.

Caxton would be very much surprised if he could know the value of the book he printed in Westminster so long ago. A copy similar to the Colchester one was sold for £510 in 1897. And yet, on the other hand, he might have said that no price is too high for a good book. He was a great lover of books and learning.

First Book Printed in English

While in the Low Countries, where he had had a great career for 35 years as a mercer, he began to work on translations, "as a preventive against idleness," he said. His first translation was the *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*. He finished it in the service of the Duchess of Burgundy, whose household he had entered in order to have more time for reading and study. It was because many people wanted a copy of this translation that Caxton determined to learn the new art of printing. Probably in 1474, he printed the *Recueil*, which was the first book printed in English, and was followed a year or two later by another translation from the French by Caxton, *The Game and Playe of Chesse*.

By that time this great bookman had set up his press at Westminster, and for the rest of his life, at a period when most men are thinking of retiring, he worked at a stupendous rate. In all he translated twenty-one books, and he printed during 14 years in that laborious, careful handwork, nearly 100 separate books. He was, of course, greatly helped by his assistants, who became master printers after him.

HONDURAS LOSES A DEBT

A Clever Little Republic
**HOW SHE CLEANED THE
SLATE AT A STROKE**

A short time ago the American Republic of Honduras owed 28 million pounds to foreign bondholders; today she owes only half-a-million, and she has paid nothing in the interval! How has she managed it?

Between 1867 and 1869 some five and a half millions were raised to build a railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Only about a quarter of the distance was ever covered, and from 1872 no interest was paid. In 1912 the Government of Honduras took over the railway, but still no interest was paid, and it accumulated till the debt was more than five times its original sum.

The bondholders had given up all hope of getting anything at all, but now, as debt-paying is so fashionable, Honduras has determined to make an effort. With the help of the British Consul she has got the debt written down in the handsome way described above, and has undertaken to meet it out of a special tax which will yield £40,000 a year for forty years, and so pay off principal and interest.

After that Honduras will be able, like the Village Blacksmith, to look the whole world in the face. Meanwhile, she is to be allowed to borrow some more!

THE LAW OF AN INDIAN EMPEROR

**Kindness to Animals Older
Than Christianity**
**"LOVE WITHOUT MEASURE TO
ALL BEINGS"**

The story of old Richard Martin, who carried through the first law in England against cruelty to animals, was told in the C.N. a few weeks ago. A reader writes to remind us that, though it was the first in England, it was by no means the first in the world.

Long, long ago, in the third century before Christ, the Indian Emperor Asoka made such a law, inscribing it on stone. Asoka, three years before he gave up the throne, became a convert to the teaching of Buddha, and it was Buddha who said to each follower of his: "As a mother, even at the risk of her own life, protects her son, her only son, so let him cultivate towards the whole world (above, below, around) a heart of love unstinted." Possessed of such love, cruelty to animals becomes unthinkable.

It was this same Asoka who told his people how the sight of the miseries attending his wars of conquest first led his thoughts to religion and to care for the well-being of all. Thirty-five of his inscriptions, on rocks, pillars, or in caves, are still to be seen in India.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Picture by Froment	£12,833
Portrait by Rubens	£2,750
Portrait by Van Dyck	£2,083
A Persian circular carpet	£310
21 letters of Mrs. Browning	£240
A letter of Benjamin Franklin	£220
A Stuart armchair	£210
A Derby dinner service	£189
A XIVth-century English MS.	£168
A Queen Anne bookcase	£126
A six-branch glass chandelier	£110
A letter of Charles Dickens	£92
A Chinese bronze jar	£73
Set of six Queen Anne forks	£61
Viscount Leverhulme's wardrobe	£54
Charles Kingsley's inkstand	£31
12 words of a Burns MS.	£8

A complete sheet of 240 British Columbia and Vancouver Island 2½d. stamps of 1861 realised £750.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A Plymouth boy who learned to swim this year has saved two lives from drowning.

The King has approved the granting of a Royal Charter to the League of Nations Union.

Correspondence between Hungarian students and their tutors can now be sent by cheap post.

An Earthquake Escaped

A big earthquake has occurred in the bed of the ocean near the East Indies.

Humanity Moving On

The broad arrow worn on prisoners' clothing is to be abolished, and the hair is no longer to be cut short in prisons.

Alexander Statue Stolen

A statue of Alexander the Great in gold and dating probably from his time has been stolen from a museum in Sofia.

A Queer Bullet

A woman firing a revolver at a picnic near Annecy, Savoy, missed her aim, and the bullet rebounded from a rock and went through her head.

Necklaces in 18,000 B.C.

Mr. R. C. Andrews, who found the dinosaur eggs, says there is evidence that the ancient Azilians used to make necklaces of them 20,000 years ago.

A Pike's Appetite

In the stomach of a 20-pound pike, sent to be preserved at Oswestry, were found a three-pound rainbow trout and a half-pound perch.

Justice Miscarries

As a result of a deathbed confession a man of 75, who was wrongly accused and had spent 33 years in prison, has just been liberated at Cologne.

The Music-Hall Manner

A music-hall audience in Paris, having hissed a poet who denounced the war in Morocco, greatly applauded two seals which followed him on the stage.

70 Voyages Without Landing

During the last six years John Searle, a bedroom steward on the *Aquitania*, has made 70 trips to the United States without coming ashore.

Candle Signals

Mr. W. Meek, one of the ticket-collectors at Kent House station, who has just retired after 52 years, remembers when signal lamps were lit by candles.

Needlework for Disabled Men

We are asked to say that the Disabled Soldiers' Embroidery Industry exists for teaching needlework to disabled men and not for weaving as was suggested the other day.

A Boy Rescues Two Men

Herbert Brummell, 16, has received the certificate of the Royal Humane Society and a silver watch for rescuing two men from the River Wey. One rescue was made when Herbert was eleven.

In the Lifeboat Box

The National Lifeboat Institution found in its collecting-boxes at Wembley coins from more than twenty countries. Among them were two of the East India Company and a George III farthing.

150 Years Ago

A new book just published shows that over 150 years ago people were complaining that bakers had to make their bread white to please the people, so that the baker had "to poison his customers in order to live by his profession."

Goodwill at 10 Per Cent

In preparation for the season of goodwill among men Canada exports Christmas trees to the United States every year. It has just been announced that this time there will be a duty of ten per cent at the frontier.

Sir John Franklin's Comrades

Dr. Knud Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, has been telling the Royal Geographical Society how he found bones of some of Sir John Franklin's comrades last year in the Arctic, and buried them. The story was told in the C.N. a year ago.

NEW BODY FACING OLD PROBLEMS

**The Pacific Peoples Look
Towards Peace**

SHOULD A MAN BE ABLE TO GO ANYWHERE?

We told a few weeks ago of the wonderful meeting at Honolulu of people from eight countries round the Pacific, to consider how to make their relations to each other worthy of the name of the ocean which joins them.

Lord Radstock, who was there as a visitor, has just got back and has been telling us of this new Institute of Pacific Relations, as it is called.

By far the most difficult questions these countries have to face is whether the United States and the British Dominions ought to allow people from Asia to settle among them, whether the reasons for their unwillingness to do so are good ones, or whether it is a right of every human being to move freely about the Earth. That is a question on which peace or war may well depend some day, and the Institute is trying to thrash it out. It is a new body of people facing a very old problem.

Another question the Institute is to discuss at its next meeting in 1927 is whether more advanced nations have the right to use the natural resources of less forward nations which are not themselves making enough use of them.

These and many similar questions have never yet been discussed freely and on an equal footing by both sides in the dispute. It is a bold experiment, and the C.N. wishes it the utmost success.

THE CAMP FIRE

**A Reminder of a Great
Movement**

We have been hearing more about the British Camp Fire Girls and all the interesting and amusing things they do.

It is only about thirteen years since the idea of this society took root, but a great deal has been done in that time. Members of the Camp Fire find that it is impossible to be bored or unhappy, because they have always their friends at hand, and they find

*The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.*

The programme of the Camp Fire sends girls out into the country on various duties and pleasures, gives them a chance of excelling in delightful pursuits connected with the garden and the home, and teaches them an ideal of daughterhood and citizenship. The babies of the movement, the Blue Birds, have games and competitions of their own.

The desire of the founders of this movement is to find romance, beauty, and adventure in everyday life, to teach its members the art of living, to teach them that by making others happy they are happy themselves.

The law of the Camp Fire gives us some idea of its aspirations:

Seek beauty. Give service. Pursue knowledge. Be trustworthy. Hold on to health. Glorify work. Be happy.

IN A PERSIAN GARDEN

The Old Order Changing

Persia, with her lack of railways and suggestion of moonlit gardens, mystic Oriental buildings, and lonely caravans, has always seemed, perhaps, an Arabian Nights country to those of us who have never been there.

But we must visit Persia quickly if we are to see it as we believe it to be, for the country is fast becoming up-to-date. A large broadcasting station is being built at Teheran. What is more, there are to be six relay stations, so that wireless will be practically within reach of all the Persians.

December 5, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

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THE NORTH WIND DOETH BLOW

Birds in the Storm REFUGE OF A FINCH AT SEA

We have all known since our baby years what the robin does in cold weather, but very often it has not occurred to us that he is very lucky if he can find a barn in which to keep himself warm and hide his head under his wing, poor thing!

Birds have been suffering terribly from this wave of bitter cold and storm. They have flown far and wide to try to find a shelter. On the English and Scottish marshes are great flocks of wild fowl who cannot bear the intense cold of Norway any longer. We are very glad to see them, and hope they will stay. There can never be too many birds in the British Isles.

It is sad to think that many birds must have lost their lives in these heavy gales. Not everyone was as lucky as the snipe that was blown out to sea and had probably given herself up for lost when, in mid-Atlantic, she spied a great ocean liner riding the waves.

Fed by the Bosun's Mate

The snipe dropped on to the deck, too pleased to find solid ground under her feet to care much as to its nature. She was only just alive, and badly wanted a barn where she could hide her head under her wing, poor thing.

The bosun's mate caught her and fed her, thinking that as soon as the shores of England came in sight he would release her. The snipe was not the only bird to share the great ship's bounty. In the English Channel a bullfinch had got out of his bearings and was flying low over the liner, when suddenly he came in reach of a ventilating shaft.

Before the bird knew what had happened he was sucked down with the current of air rushing into the shaft, and, like the snipe, had given himself up for lost when he fluttered down into a room below deck. The engineers tempted the finch with the tit-bits all finches love, and soon he was perky and fresh again.

When the liner sailed into Southampton the first two passengers to go ashore were the snipe and the bullfinch.

AN EARLY RISER

The 100-Day Canadian Wheat

Ten days have been taken from the life of a wheat-ear in Canada, and the shortening may cheapen the English loaf. It may increase the food supply of the world.

Every climate needs its own variety of wheat. Canada wants one that is hard and strong and ripens early, and some years ago it found a prize in the wheat named Marquis wheat. The discovery of Marquis wheat was a romance.

It was bred from two other wheats: Red Fife, which grows in mid-Europe and came into the hands of a Scots farmer who took it to Canada almost by accident; and Red Calcutta, which is poor in yield and straw but ripens early. Dr. Sanders bred Marquis from these two after a hundred or more experiments, and proved it a wheat hard and strong and plentiful, and with another quality still more important in Canada—that it ripened quickly. In 110 days after sowing it was ripe for reaping. It escaped frosts which blackened wheats that took longer.

But now, if all the hopeful reports are true, a new wheat (Garnet) can give it ten days and a beating. Garnet ripens in 100 days, and many plantings of the Garnet wheat this year have escaped frosts that nipped the Marquis. It now remains to test the quality of Garnet in the flour mills, and if the test is satisfactory the Canadian West will next year sow 12,000 bushels of it.

A CHILDREN'S THEATRE

New Movement at Birmingham

INFLUENCE OF CANON CARNEGIE

Birmingham occupies a proud place in the world of dramatic art, due to its famous Repertory Theatre. Now it is likely to earn yet another distinction in this direction by the creation of a Children's Theatre.

The Birmingham experiment—it is little more than that at present—owes its beginning, indirectly, to an event well worth recalling.

Twenty years ago, when Canon Carnegie arrived in Birmingham to begin his rectorship there, he was surrounded as soon as he alighted from the train by a crowd of ragged newspaper lads, eager to sell their papers. With a characteristic gesture Canon Carnegie drew those lads toward him.

"These," he said, "shall be my first care in Birmingham."

They were; for he soon founded the Birmingham Boys and Girls Union, now an organisation of about 300 ex-Public School and University men and women, who administer nearly 70 centres or clubs for the least exalted of the City's children, the little vagrants whose playgrounds are the mean streets and alleys, and who are not touched by any of the better known juvenile organisations.

Light in Darkness

This Union it is which has started the Children's Theatre movement; and Kyrle Hall, in the heart of the dingy city, may become the first Children's Theatre in England.

It is the aim of those who started the movement to weave light and colour into the drab lives of the children who go there, to teach them to look on the theatre as their own, to participate alike in the acting along with adults, and in the scene-making, and to weld their interests as an audience into union with the art of the stage itself.

An operetta was the first event at Kyrle Hall, and it pleased the children greatly. The next will be a Nativity play, written by the nuns of Liège in the thirteenth century, with carol singing for the audience. Then there will be three short Shakespeare plays.

It is good to know that Sir Barry Jackson, who founded the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, and brought The Immortal Hour to London, is taking a keen interest in the new movement.

SHOWERS OF DEATH

A Surprise for the Caterpillar Pests

The wet summer in South Germany brought a most unwelcome stranger to the forests of Bavaria.

He was a new caterpillar, and he arrived in such numbers as to threaten destruction to thousands of trees. Measures were taken to deal with the invasion, but the fumigation of the woods on the usual lines did no good, for only the lower parts of the trees were reached, and the caterpillars continued merrily at work in the tree-tops.

So now the Bavarian Board of Forestry has sent up aeroplanes above the woods with bags of poison-powder, which is discharged by the pilot in a shower of deadly dust. In a single morning one aeroplane has been able to clean up a large tract of forest, leaving none of the pests alive. Game and birds are hardly affected by the poison, and already the insect-bombers have saved timber worth millions of gold marks.

10,000 MILES IN 100 HOURS

Quietly the other day, without fuss or bother, a party of British experts soared up from London by air on one of the most romantic tasks which men have ever undertaken.

From the outlook windows of great transport-planes, passing with equal facility above mountain or desert, with maps and charts before them, they have been surveying, stage by stage, a 2400 miles section of that great aerial wonder-way which, organised and perfected in every detail, is to stretch through the sky from England to Australia.

So much does aviation mean to the Empire that Sir Samuel Hoare, our Air Minister, is now determined we should benefit without delay from the air-acceleration of mails on the Egypt-India section of the England-Australia route, and this will probably have been surveyed, organised, and made ready for traffic by the early part of next year.

Time-Saving Wonders

Mails from England to India, after they have been carried by train and ship from London to Port Said, are to be transferred to the big aeroplanes of Imperial Airways and flown in stages as far as Karachi, where they will be handed over to the Indian postal service and delivered in the ordinary way.

As soon as mails are air-borne at speed over this Egypt-India stage the transit-time of an urgent letter between London and India will be quickened by as much as six days. And this is but the prelude to further time-saving wonders.

Planned already is a service of multi-motored aeroplanes to take over mails at Karachi, and bear them across India at high speed to Calcutta. Surveys have been effected, also, along the further Empire link to Rangoon, for which section a special type of metal air-boat is now in design. Then by further super-speed stages Singapore will be reached, and finally Port Darwin, Australia, where Empire mails will be handed over for distribution by the efficient system of airways which Australia is already busily developing.

Trans-Empire Mail-Planes

Six years ago, when we started aerial transport, all this was a dream. Now we see the goal in sight. Thus swiftly do matters aerial move. Egypt, India, Australia—so the vast air-leaps go, annihilating distance and giving us a new conception of the world Time.

Plans are already made for a vast metal mail-coach of the air intended to rush up from London and, by fast flying either by night or day, bear Indian and Australian mails through to Egypt, establishing there a connection with great routes running for thousands of miles beyond.

Much sooner than many of us think, we shall have big, long-range mail-planes flying at 100 miles an hour right across the Empire. Then these great routes will be organised for night as well as day flying, and it will become possible to send an urgent letter, in a series of air-relays, right through from England to Australia in a marvellous express journey of not more than about 100 hours!

Birth of a New Hope

Ten thousand miles in 100 hours. Think of it! Imagine what it will mean to Empire trade. Contrast it with the journey of about 30 days which is needed at present before mails from London can reach Melbourne. Picture also the benefits that will accrue as soon as passengers and urgent merchandise, as well as mails, are air-borne at speed on great trans-Empire flights!

The high-speed airway will knit the Empire together as nothing else can. It will stimulate trade, promote a closer personal intercourse. It will be a new life-blood, a new purpose, a new hope.

SHOWER OF FIREBALLS

GIANT METEORS FROM THE BOX OF GEMINI

Where to Look for the Little Planet Vesta

WORLD 243 MILES ACROSS

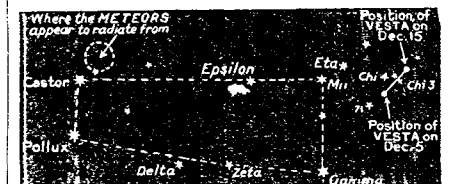
By the C.N. Astronomer

An interesting region of the Heavens at this time is the constellation of Gemini, for it not only has a little stranger, the planetoid Vesta, on its borders, but should reward observers next week with the spectacle of several meteors radiating from the region indicated on our star map.

The chief stellar gems of Gemini may be easily found, this constellation being quite high up in the eastern sky between 8 and 10 o'clock, its stars stretching from the upper left-hand side of Orion right away to the twin, first-magnitude stars Castor and Pollux, which are almost due east, and about seven times the Moon's width apart.

Gemini is roughly in the form of an oblong box.

This meteor shower has the advantage of being spread over several nights,



The constellation of Gemini

increasing to a maximum between December 12 and 14, so that, whereas but two or three meteors an hour may be seen at first, they may increase to as many as a hundred an hour, as occurred on the night of December 13, 1923. They were also very abundant last year, 1924, but the full Moon then interfered with their visibility.

A remarkable circumstance is the number of large meteors, or fireballs, that are seen. Of course, more are likely to be seen after midnight, for then the position of Britain is more towards the front of the Earth. It is the front of the Earth that gets most of the meteors—just as the front of the car gets most of the raindrops.

The minor planet Vesta is now well placed for observation, so that anyone possessing magnifying-glasses or a small hand telescope should be able to get a glimpse of this little world. Being now of but seventh magnitude Vesta is, of course, quite beyond naked-eye vision.

How to Identify Vesta

Vesta will be found almost in a line with Epsilon and Mu, about eight or nine times the Moon's width from Mu. On December 5 Vesta is expected to be between the small but visible star marked 71 and the two small stars marked Chi 3 and Chi 4, also visible to the naked eye.

Now all these stars can be seen together in the glasses, and Vesta will be one of the tiny points of light almost midway between them. But to identify Vesta a sketch should be made of the position of each star in relation to the others, and then another observation made two or three nights later, when it will be found that the star Vesta has moved to the right, much nearer to the stars Chi. In three days Vesta will have moved about the Moon's width from where she was before.

Vesta is now almost at her nearest to us, about 135 million miles away. Sometimes she comes near enough to be seen, in exceptional circumstances, with the naked eye; but, considering that her little globe has a diameter of but 243 miles, it will be an achievement to get a glimpse of this the brightest of the minor planets. G. F. M.

Other Worlds: In the evening Venus and Jupiter south-west, Uranus south. In the morning Mars and Saturn in south-east.

BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 17

The Other Sort of Courage

THEY crowded round Soppy, keeping their prisoner well in their midst.

"Well?" Lubbock asked. "Well?" smiled Soppy. "You say we can't bash Feddon for refusing to speak to me. Nightingale says we can't compel one man to speak to another man. Then I propose that we make Feddon's punishment fit the crime."

"In what way, old fellow?" "In what way?" echoed Soppy, glancing from one to the other in challenge. "Feddon sticks to it that he won't speak to me. Tit for tat then. None of The Conclave will speak to him."

Brougham was the first again to pass comment.

"Yes," he uttered thoughtfully. "Yes, that's quite logical. Your proposition is that The Conclave cuts Feddon?"

"Until he comes to me and apologises!"

"Then I'll put it to the vote," exclaimed Lubbock formally. "Proposed and seconded that not one of The Conclave opens his lips to Feddon until he has apologised to Tadworth and begun to speak to him. Hands up in favour!"

Twelve pairs of hands rose as one. "That being the unanimous decision," drawled Nightingale, "I move we adjourn." And, slipping his arm in Lubbock's, he led the way off. The others followed, leaving Feddon by himself.

From that Sunday Feddon was cut by The Conclave; cut almost as completely as though he did not exist. They had nothing to say to him. They had nothing to do with him. In their dormitory at night they ignored his presence. If one or the other of them had to address him in class, they spoke in the coldest manner as though to a stranger.

And Feddon revealed no sign of caring a rap.

But all the time the smart was there under the surface; his feelings were sore although he did not betray them. Nor, naturally, was he drawn any closer to Eastborough by this treatment, which was carried out to the letter. It increased the gulf set between school life and his temperament.

And the further consequences rubbed the salt into the sore.

No doubt these consequences had been foreseen by Tadworth, when he talked of making the punishment fit the crime. He had not forgotten, indeed he had borne in mind, that The Conclave were men of mark in the Lower School. He had not forgotten, though maybe the others had, that a fashion once set is speedily followed.

So, when the rest of the junior day-room in the School House found their leading spirits cutting Feddon, they began to give him the cold shoulder also; and where, as formerly, he had kept himself to himself, now willy nilly he was kept to himself. But it did not end there. For as the ripple widens when the stone has been cast into the pool, so this stone cast at Feddon, so to speak, in the School House, spread its ripples to the juniors of every House, who, perceiving him a black sheep in the eyes of his own House, supposed—and naturally—that something was wrong with him.

So Tadworth's malicious manoeuvre had led to this: that its victim was becoming more and more generally shunned.

And, longing for the end of the term to arrive, Feddon withdrew entirely into himself. His tormented pride withheld him from Garry and Kendall. Kendall, perhaps for Garry's sake more than anything, did his best now and then to improve affairs. First he had told Feddon that it would blow over, and next he tried to persuade him to make his peace by apologising.

Always Feddon's mouth tightened and his pale face set firmly.

"No. I vowed I would never speak to the brute. I'm not going back on my word."

"But what did Tadworth do to offend you so?"

"It wasn't my fault that I was put in the West. He knew that. But he bashed me for it," said Feddon.

"Well, go to the Matron and ask her to shove you somewhere else."

"No," said Feddon quietly. "Tadworth told me to do that. I'd have done it of my own accord. But I won't take orders from Tadworth or from his old Conclave."

Kendall's easy-going disposition could not comprehend such tenacity; it beat him utterly how one who was so shy and sensitive could inwardly be as strong and unyielding as steel. Garry understood better. Perhaps his quicker perception saw under the skin to the pride in that tortured soul. Perhaps he felt that in Feddon's place he would act just the same; would never climb down to Tadworth, would never be coerced by him; would never let Tadworth break him—for that's what it came to.

So, although he tried now and then to draw him out of himself, Garry never attempted to persuade Feddon to take back his word. He and Kendall discussed this once. Kendall protested, "But, Fuzzy Face, he only pledged his word to himself." And Garry, his freckled features thoughtful, his steady eyes clouded, answered, "Yes, I know. I can't quite express it, but don't you see, Ken, that his word is all he's got left?"

Kendall looked more bewildered. "It's this way," said Garry stammering. "He's having a pretty thin time here. He hates the place, Ken. But he sort of feels that so long as he clings to his word, whatever happens he's his own man still."

"But, Fuzzy! When they called on him to jaw in debate he doesn't say a word. Yet now he stands up so stiffly against the whole crowd."

On the sudden Garry's clouded eyes cleared.

"One is physical courage," he uttered awkwardly. "The other is moral courage. Ken, old man, I never knew what moral courage meant before. It's courage"—he stammered again—"of spirit."

"All right. Don't blush so," said Kendall, with his light laugh. "Let's go and see if Grubber still stands where she did."

CHAPTER 18

The Brilliant Idea

GARRY had said that Feddon was having a "thin" time, but he might have added that his own time was just as thin. In another respect and another manner, of course. He had heard again from his father. There was no hope. He could not be kept at Eastborough after next summer.

He could not get over the shock of the family misfortune and its immediate effect on himself. His ambition was broken to bits; and in place of that future which, from the very first day at his preparatory school, he had kept in the forefront of all his thoughts, he saw nothing to live for except a stool in an office. And that in some calling in which he could feel no interest.

For five years he had been building up his own future with a steady purpose that had burned like a flame. For five years he had worked with no other project. First, right to the top of Eastborough; then on to Cambridge. And now all had come down with a crash.

"It isn't," he would tell himself in his broodings, "that I grouse at an office as an office. Better men than I'll ever be have started as office boys. It isn't that I look down on chaps in an office. I'm not a snob. Only I had so planned the next years ahead. And I was so longing to get into Big School."

Ambition? Is it, then, to be said of Garry that he was merely paying

the price of being too ambitious? Or, seeing that he had been encouraged in his ambition, seeing that it had caused him to work hard and play hard, is it not fairer to say that he was cruelly visited? Ill-fortune had not held her hand, had not paused to strike him until he had entered the grown-up world. Ill-fortune had found him already and was buffeting him, and who shall condemn him if her blows left him stunned?

Work had lost its savour. Its pleasure had gone. What was there to work for? Nothing that counted. It wouldn't matter a stroke in that strange, dismal office that the office boy was well up in Greek and Latin! Football wasn't the same. Inside the pavilion were the names of all the School Fifteens year by year. And of all the Cricket Elevens. His name would have been there. Now it would never be.

It is probable that his feelings would have been relieved had he confided them to Kendall; but he did not. From the moment that he had told his friend his bad news Garry had kept silence upon the subject. It was not in him to go about grousing; he refrained from uttering anything of his misery. But Kendall noticed that his laugh did not ring so often.

So the term drew on to its end. A "thin" time for Feddon, but one that was equally unhappy for Garry; and one, as it happened, that was becoming curiously vexing to Gigshott and his trusty confederate Button.

For their inability to wangle milk at the break, and that despite renewed attacks on Miss Arnold, was ranking with this able and worthy couple. And being perfectly convinced that the Diary King had no more claim to this extra nourishment than they had, in a reckless moment they had laid him a wager.

"Look here, Snipple," they had addressed him persuasively. "We'll swop our Sunday dollop against your new fountain pen?"

"How?" he had sniffled, scenting a fine stroke of business, and always being game for as much pudding on Sundays as he could get.

"Every Sunday until we work milk at the break we'll both of us pass you up our helping of dollop. But directly we get milk you'll give us your fountain pen."

Snipple had pondered. Then: "Done!" he had gloated.

And he had gone on gloating, as Sunday by Sunday he devoured their pudding. And, therefore, things had grown desperate with the pair. For they had not tasted pudding on Sundays for weeks now, and alas! no time limit had been put to the wager! How sadly they could have kicked themselves for this oversight, and how tempted they became to kick Snipple instead,

artful Snipple who crowed and refused to fix any limit now.

"End it with this term?" he laughed. "Not I! A bargain's a bargain!"

Gigshott breathed wistfully: "Last Sunday's dollop *did* look good!"

"It was uncommon good," purred the Diary King, smacking his lips.

So far, then, as either Gigshott or Button could see, they were faced with a prospect that was truly appalling. To wit, that of never tasting Sunday's pudding again!

"Ghastly!" moaned Button.

So they took serious counsel together; tried the Matron once more, but in vain; then of desperation was born the brilliant idea.

"Man!" exclaimed Gigshott. "Why didn't we think of it earlier?"

"Of what?" sighed Button, in a sad and hungry voice.

"A doctor's certificate."

"But we can't get round the doctor," snapped Button.

"Ape! Who said we could?"

"Then how can we get his certificate?"

"We will fake one," quoth Gigshott.

A doctor's certificate for milk in the break! The felonious Gigshott sat him down, squared his elbows, and, having secured a fine sheet of imposition paper, and borrowed a manual which showed you how to do everything from making your will to building a boat out of match-boxes, he produced a certificate which did very well. At least, Button cordially agreed that it did very well when it was read aloud to that eminent critic.

"Listen, old man: To All Whom It May Concern—that's the way to kick off!" exulted the faker.

"Simply topping!" beamed his partner in crime.

"This is to certify that Anstruther Button and John Edward Gigshott, both of this parish and being of sound mind—I bagged that out of the will part."

"Immense!" avowed Button.

"Where had I got to?"

Being of sound mind as this leaves me at present, require extra nourishment in the mornings at school, and must therefore be given a glass of milk each in the break. As witness my hand. . . . I haven't done any more; but we've only got to hatch up the name of a doctor."

"But, half a sec," contributed Button profoundly. "As witness your hand. How can your hand witness a thing?"

"You goat; it isn't my hand, it's the doctor's."

"Well, the doctor's, then? You see with your eyes, not your hand!"

"Perhaps doctors don't," demurred Gigshott, pushing the book across. "Look there for yourself! Read that: As witness my hand. So it must be right. Now we'll sign it. We must sham he is your doctor at home."

"Why not yours?" objected the critic.

Sitting down again, Gigshott stroked his nose with his pen. Then he wrote the conclusion and read it aloud.

"As witness my hand. Arthur Smith, doctor. How's that?"

Again Button shone. "You must shove some letters after his name," he insisted. "Doctors always have a skit."

"All right," assented Gigshott. "Arthur Smith, doctor." He pondered a moment, then added: L.S.D. G.P.O.

Armed with this formidable credential, they advanced on the Matron.

"Miss Arnold," said they—whereby it may be observed that the "Mother Limejuice" merely graced quite informal occasions—if you please, Miss Arnold, we're sorry to trouble you again, but the doctor says we've got to have milk at the break."

"Ah," she rejoined, "then that alters the case."

"Yes," they assented cordially. "We knew you'd say that. Shall we start tomorrow morning, then, please?"

"But Dr. Burgeon has not told me you are to have it!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

A Little Mistake

A RICH foreigner had become naturalised in Russia, and was Court banker to Catherine II, whose favour he enjoyed.

One morning he was informed that his house was surrounded by guards, and that the Chief of Police wished to speak to him. The officer, Reliev by name, appeared to be in great distress.

"Mr. Sunderland," said he, "to my very real sorrow, I have been commanded by my most gracious sovereign to execute an order whose severity grieves and alarms me; and I am not aware by what fault you have aroused Her Majesty's anger."

"I, sir?" replied the astonished banker. "As to that I am even more ignorant than you. But what is this order? Can I perchance have lost the confidence of the Empress?"

"If it were naught but that you would not see me so distressed. Confidence can return; a lost position can be regained."

"Am I to be exiled to Siberia?"

"Alas, from there you might come back some day."

"Shall I be lashed with the knout?"

"The knout is a frightful torture, but it does not kill."

"Is my life, then, in danger? I beseech you, out with it!"

"Well, my friend," said the police officer, at last, with a most mournful voice, "my gracious sovereign has ordered me to have you stuffed!"

"Stuffed!" cried Sunderland. "But either you or the Empress must be mad."

"Alas, my poor friend, I did what I have never dared to do before: I expressed my surprise and grief; I tried to remonstrate; but the Empress, greatly irritated, ordered me to carry out her instructions immediately and without question."

No words can describe the poor banker's anger and despair. At last, after many vain entreaties, he succeeded in persuading the officer to be the bearer of a note to the Empress imploring her pity. The officer, not daring to go to the palace, sought out the first minister, who took upon himself to explain the situation to Catherine. When she heard the strange story, the Empress cried: "Just Heaven! Surely Reliev must be mad! Please at once deliver my poor banker from his horrible fears!"

On his return, the minister found Catherine in uncontrollable laughter.

"Now I know," said she, "the reason for this ridiculous affair. For some years I have had a little dog of which I was very fond, which I called Sunderland after the Englishman who gave it to me. The poor dog died the other day, and I told Reliev to have it stuffed. When he hesitated I got angry with him, thinking that conceit made him consider such an errand beneath his dignity. That is the key to this absurd situation."



BIG COLOURED BALLOONS FREE

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Let Not Your Heart be Troubled



DR. MERRYMAN

"WHAT is the highest form of animal life?" the teacher asked her class of small boys.

"The giraffe!" answered the worst boy in the class.

Another Motor Accident

A FORTY-TON lorry drove smash At a twenty-ton hippo—how rash!

The result, so we're told, Turned spectators quite cold, For they witnessed a sixty-ton crash!

Why is poultry-farming always profitable?

Because for every grain the fowls take they give a peck.

Thirteen Countries in One

How many countries are contained in the name United States of America?

There are certainly more than a dozen, and the result will probably surprise you. Armenia, Austria, and Sumatra are examples, and you should be able to find at least ten more; including some of the biggest countries in the world.

Solution next week

A Great Thing

SOMEONE complained of the face of a very old man.

"You may well leave my face alone," said he. "It is a great deal to have a face at all at my age."

Is Your Name Tuckwell?

DR. WEEKLEY, the great authority on surnames, thinks that the tuck in Tuckwell refers to the trade of a tucker of cloth, that is a fuller or thickener, and the well is a fountain or stream. The original Tuckwell, therefore, would be a cloth-fuller who lived or worked near a stream or fountain.

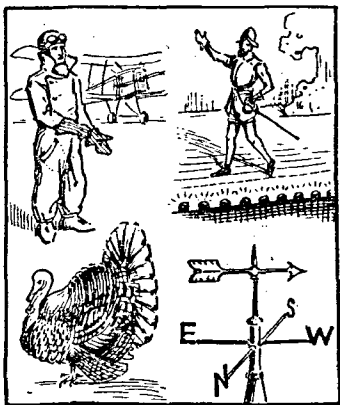
Rich Man and Poor Man

THE man that's rich should happy be,

He need not put on airs, Nor care a halfpenny, not he, What kind of clothes he wears.

The man by poverty oppressed, Must in his garb take pride, Wear clothing of the very best His poverty to hide!

A Picture Puzzle



Two consecutive letters from each of the words represented by these pictures will spell the name of things found in the C.N. Can you find out what it is?

Solution next week

WHEN is a wall like a fish? When it is scaled.

Hullo!

"How would you classify a telephone-girl?" a man asked his friend. "Is it a business or a profession?"

"Neither," was the reply. "It's a calling."

WHY is a pig in a parlour like a house on fire?

Because the sooner it is put out the better.

Arithmetic



CRIED Snip to Snorum on the links,

"I hate these game-proud crews! But that they do not own the Earth We'll teach them in two twos!"

This sounded like a sum, to which A ball the answer bore, For with it came a warning shout—The golfer's call of "Fore!"

An Unsettled Amount

A TRAVELLER who had to change trains at a cathedral town found that he had an hour to wait. He decided to spend the time seeing the cathedral, so he went outside the station and hailed a cab.

"How much to take me to the cathedral?" he asked.

"Well, sir," said the old cab-driver cautiously, "the meanest man I ever took there gave me half-a-crown."

Buried Fish

THERE are several fish and a bird hidden in this little verse. Can you find them all?

I tell of tall Mount Ida bravely gazing o'er the sea; And the rippling waves of Ebro aching sorely for the sea; Of the glib rills that twist about to join the merry throng, And the music old of the waterfalls with their everlasting song.

Solution next week

The Sandman Passes By

THERE dwells within the Land of Nod

A quaint and stealthy little god, Who gathers up fine grains of sand In either little nimble hand; And as he passes softly by Throws a small handful in each eye, Making us blink, and then breathe deep, And yawn, and nod, and fall asleep.

Do You Live at Morley?

THE name means the moor lea, or moorland meadow, a description of the district when it was first named. It is mentioned in Domesday Book, but only became a borough in 1885.

Very Annoying

A MAN who was named Mr. Weymiss Was exceedingly troubled, it semys,

Because strangers would not Understand that they ought To call him, not Wemis, but Weems.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Puzzle in Rhyme. Saxophone

A Geographical Letter

Nancy, Orange, Banana, Peach, Cherry, Plenty, Christmas, Darling, Alice.

Who Was He?

The Writer of History was Josephus.

Jacko Fetches the Doctor

ONE day Adolphus lay in bed and refused to come down to breakfast. "I feel very queer," he said. "I shouldn't wonder if I'm not going to be laid up for a long time."

Mrs. Jacko was very anxious—in spite of the fact that Adolphus ate all the breakfast she carried upstairs for him, and asked for roast chicken for dinner!

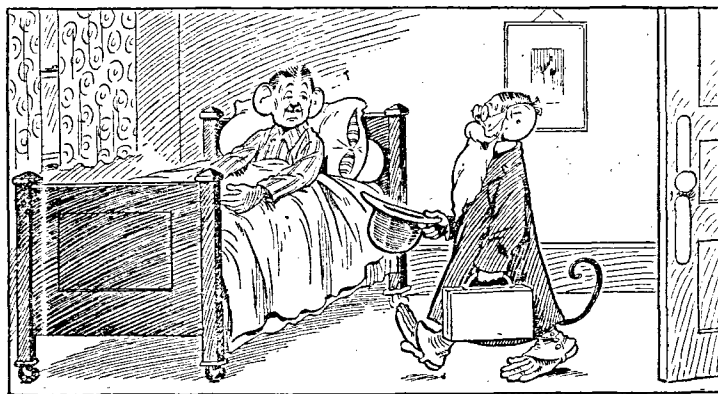
"No doubt this cold weather has upset your brother," she remarked to Jacko.

Jacko grinned. He thought it more than likely. Nobody hated getting up on a cold morning more than Adolphus!

But, Jacko was wild when he found he was expected to wait on his big brother hand and foot. That young gentleman spent the whole morning shouting for one thing after another. First he wanted the paper, and then he called for some cigarettes, and, last of all, he asked for the gramophone to be carried up.

But Mrs. Jacko still believed that Adolphus was very poorly. He refused to touch the beef tea she brought up for his lunch, although he ate an enormous meal instead; and at last she told Jacko to fetch the doctor.

But, of course, the last person Adolphus wanted to see was



"A very sad case," said the doctor

the doctor. He looked very sheepish, and told Mrs. Jacko not to fuss.

"I'll be all right in a day or two," he said, encouragingly.

But Mrs. Jacko said there was nothing like taking things in time, and she sent Jacko off for the doctor there and then.

Unfortunately the family doctor was too busy to come, but he sent his new partner, a learned-looking man with a white beard, blue spectacles, and a huge coat that seemed much too big for him. And, when he had seen Adolphus and felt his pulse, he looked very grave.

"A very sad case, ma'am," he said, turning to Mrs. Jacko.

Adolphus's eyes fairly bulged out of his head.

"What's the matter with me, doctor?" he gasped, clutching at the sheet.

The doctor shook his head gravely. "A very obscure disease," he said. Then he felt in his pocket and brought out a big bottle.

"Drink this right off," he said, pouring out a glassful of a brown mixture, "and for the rest of the treatment I prescribe ten minutes' physical exercises in front of an open window every morning before breakfast!"

Adolphus fairly gasped at that. But he had had such a bad fright that he didn't dare to disobey orders, and he went on doing the physical exercises for a whole month.

But, strangely enough, the doctor never came again. And Adolphus danced with rage when he knew why. The doctor was Jacko in a false beard, dressed up in his father's clothes!

Ici on Parle Francais



Le blé Le morse La roue

Le blé mûrit pour la moisson
Le morse a de grosses moustaches
Une automobile a quatre roues



La rame La baleine Le guichet

La rame repose contre un rocher
On pêche la baleine avec un harpon
Le guichet est fermé: attendons

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1925	1924
London	7862	7973
Glasgow	2408	2334
Manchester	1394	1360
Dublin	983	1024
Belfast	912	971
Edinburgh	793	804
Bristol	664	631
Nottingham	500	457
Swansea	282	334
Ipswich	145	133
York	142	134
Bournemouth	91	117

The five weeks are up to Nov. 7, 1925

Tales Before Bedtime

The New Hat

JANET couldn't wear her new winter hat. It was a very nice hat of brown velvet with little red berries at the side. Janet would not have disliked it at all if her brother Ted hadn't laughed at it and called it her plum-pudding hat!

Ted, of course, wore his school-cap. But Janet wasn't quite old enough to go to school, so she had no school-hat to wear. She envied the little girl opposite, who had been going to school for two terms and wore hers every day. Janet wished she knew the little girl opposite.

So when Mummy gave her a letter to take to the post-box at the end of the road, Janet had to put on her plum-pudding hat.

Then, as she was standing on tip-toe to post the letter, she saw the little girl from opposite coming round the corner.

Janet started to run home quickly in case the little girl should begin to laugh at her. But at that minute a great gust of wind came sweeping round the corner. It swooped under the brim of Janet's plum-pudding hat and sent it bowling across the road.

Janet stood on the edge of the pavement, feeling very shy and frightened. But the little girl opposite ran after the hat, and came across to Janet, holding it out to her and smiling.

"There! I don't think it's spoilt at all," she said, brushing it with her hand.

"I wish it was," said Janet miserably.

"Why?" asked the little girl, in astonishment.

"I hate it," said Janet. "My brother Ted laughs at it and calls it a plum-pudding hat."



A great gust of wind came

"Well, then," said the little girl, "Ted must be a very silly boy. I think it's a sweet hat; much nicer than these horrid old school-hats, which aren't pretty at all."

Janet was so pleased and surprised that she could hardly speak. She didn't mind a bit what Ted thought now that the little girl opposite liked it. And she never forgot that it was the plum-pudding hat that first made them such friends!

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

December 5, 1925

Every Thursday, 2d.

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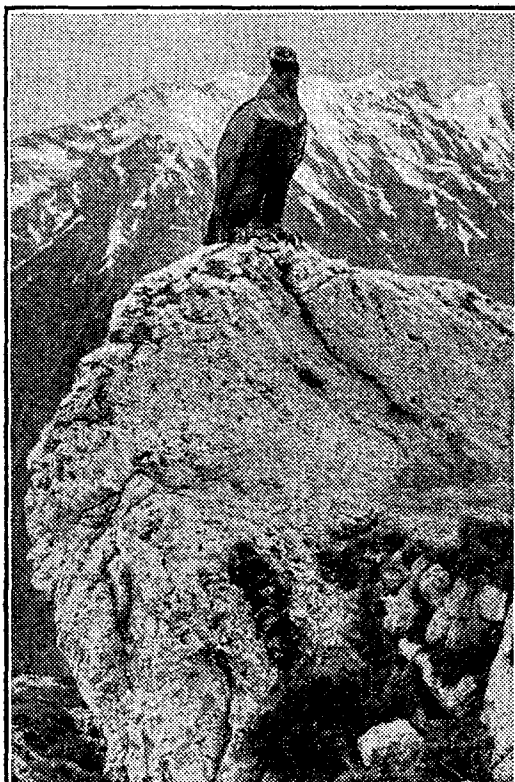
EARLY SKATING · THE STONE EAGLE OF THE ALPS · THE SWAN CATCHERS



The Ice Plays a Trick—Very early this winter there has been skating in many parts of Great Britain, but the ice has not been firm enough everywhere for real safety. Here we see a woman skater on Lindow Common Lake, in Cheshire, being pulled from a treacherous spot



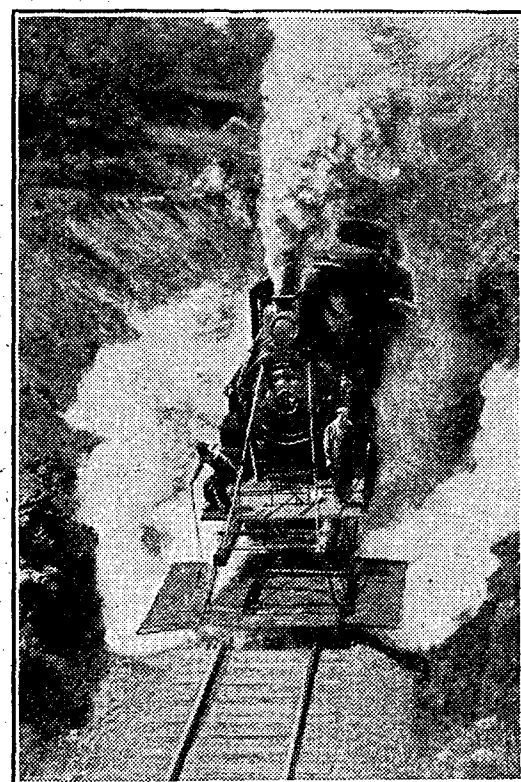
Four in One—A new motor watering-cart which has appeared in Berlin can also do duty as a snow-plough, a sweeping machine, and a fire-extinguisher. It is a curious-looking affair, as we can see from this picture of it watering the streets. Pedestrians must keep out of the way



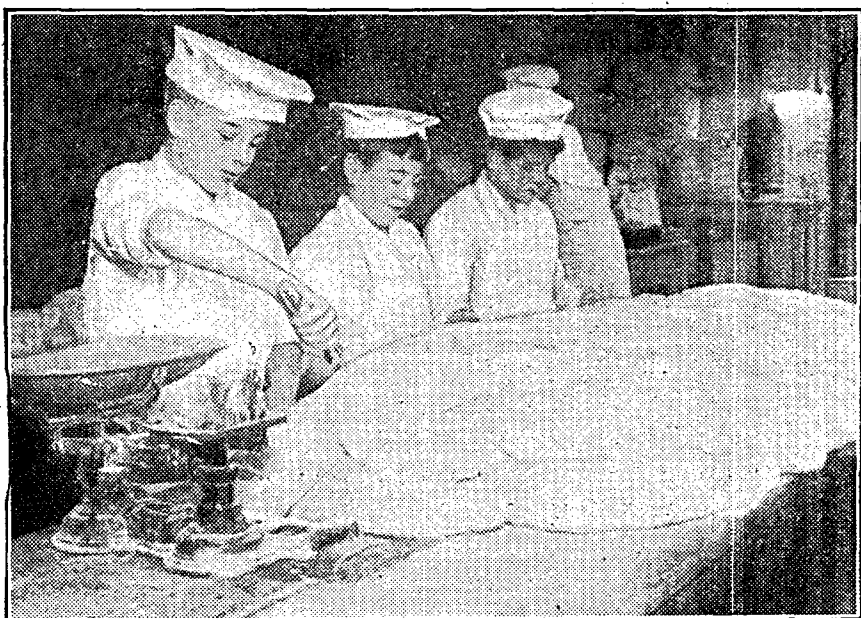
A Memorial to a Climber—This striking stone figure of an eagle, perched on one of the summits of the Dolomite Alps, is to commemorate a famous climber



Getting Ready for Christmas—Happy sights like this have been common lately, for everyone is looking forward to a happy Christmas. The little man in the picture looks well content with his purchases



One Way of Fighting Pests—Here is one locomotive pushed by another destroying weeds that have overgrown a railway track in U.S.A. by forcing jets of steam on them



Bakers in the Making—At a school at Leavesden, in Hertfordshire, over 600 children are taught useful trades and crafts, the boys doing all the cooking; and here we see some of them hard at work cutting loaves from a huge mass of dough ready for baking in the oven



Moving Day for the Swans—The swans on the Royal Military Canal at Hythe, in Kent, have increased in numbers so rapidly that it has become necessary to move some of them, and several have been caught in a net, as shown in this picture, and sent to a new home

PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU HAVE SEEN MY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER

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